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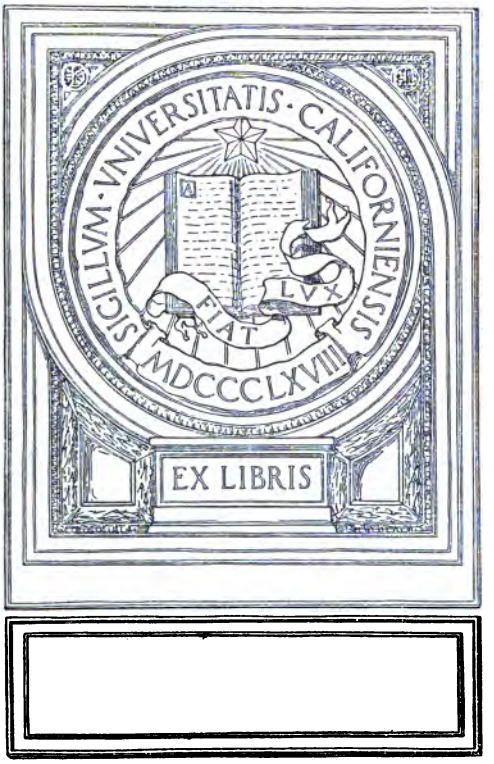
CHARLES·FRANCIS·BARNARD

HIS LIFE AND WORK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CHARLES FRANCIS BARNARD

A SKETCH OF

HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

FRANCIS TIFFANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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CHARLES FRANCIS BARNARD.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

WHETHER the story of any enterprise in religious philanthropy is worth the telling hinges mainly on a single point: Was the enterprise a simple repetition of what had been done a hundred times before, or was it fruitfully original in character? Were its inspiring ideas seminal?

When, for example, Charles L. Brace founded in New York his Newsboys' Home, he planted an organic seed, and that in as literal a sense as the wheat or maize the farmer sows in his field. To start one more Sunday-school, in which to try to make on the little waifs of the street a few fleeting impressions, as speedily to vanish as the dew under the glare of the sun, was no object of his. What he aimed

at was to substitute in the place of an environment of outcast neglect, thriftlessness, gambling, and profligacy, an environment of friendliness, decency, stimulus to economy and ambition, along with religious suggestions of the ideal of a higher life. Steadily the germ hidden in the project of the home in the heart of the city for homeless children expanded into that of ten thousand genuine homes in farmers' families all over the country. From city to city the idea spread till thousands, who otherwise would have perished morally in an atmosphere of infection, were put under permanent conditions of health and purity.

Equally did this hold true of the foundation in 1834 of Warren Street Chapel in Boston. In aim and method it was the conception of a distinctly original mind. It constituted an epoch in the philanthropic history of the city. It enlisted in its service the enthusiastic and persistent devotion of men and women of the most varied kinds of ability. It went out into the highways and hedges to compel in the outcast, not to a feast of dry husks, but

to a festival of love, joy, and light, such as Christ pictures in the scene where the wedding garment of beauty is thrown over every guest. Furthermore, it became the prompter of numberless like enterprises in other fields. And it owed alike its conception and the spirit of consecrated enthusiasm with which it was sustained to the fertile brain, the glowing heart, and the rare power of enkindling others, of a single man, Charles F. Barnard. For these reasons is the story of the institution and of its founder worth the telling.

In this world, however, nothing starts up a purely isolated phenomenon. Every institution has its roots in the past, while drawing its nutriment for growth out of the soil of the present. Human originality is no power of creating something out of nothing. It consists in capacity to be the first to see what is already waiting to be seen by him who has eyes. Without, then, clearly reading and interpreting the signs of the times immediately antecedent to any new movement, it is impossible to take in its significance, or justly to estimate how far in reality it was a distinct contri-

bution. For this reason, before describing the life of Charles F. Barnard and the work of Warren Street Chapel, it is necessary to devote a preliminary chapter to the social condition of Boston in the days of his early youth, and to the vital spiritual forces in play that would inevitably work on one of his especial temperament.

II.

OLD BOSTON.

THE Boston of Charles F. Barnard's boyhood was a quiet little seaport town of 40,000 inhabitants, steadily advancing, however, to a population of 55,000 when he began the work of his life. Memorable changes had been silently going on in thought and feeling. Insensibly, to the old Puritan Calvinism had succeeded the milder Arminian symbols of faith, these almost insensibly passing on to avowed, but not distinctly formulated, Unitarianism, to which the great majority of the influential churches of the city had gone over. Through the growth of commerce, far closer intellectual relations had been opened up with the richer and more varied cultivation of Europe, as indeed, through a remarkable class of merchant sailors, even with the thought of the Orient. Thus the breath of a wider cosmopolitanism in liter-

ature, art, and philosophy was beginning to blow, prophetic of new movements in the intellectual realm, which were to transform the vigorous but narrow localism of thought hitherto prevalent into something larger in its appeal to all sides of human nature. In a new consciousness of the whole range of his being, man was coming to himself. Already had Buckminster and Channing been giving eloquent expression to a religion which should reconcile liberty of reason with glowing hope for humanity and fervor of piety. It was the dawn of the day when Emerson should reveal the light of a higher religious philosophy, and justice and mercy to the disinherited should find heroic advocacy in a Garrison championing the enslaved, a Howe the blind, and a Dorothea Dix the insane.

The side on which a temperament of the type of young Barnard's would feel itself quickened by these stimulating influences would inevitably be the religious and philanthropic. Fervid piety and glowing love of humanity were the dominant elements of his nature; and even before he was ready for the work of life, a move-

ment had been set on foot and a pioneer had appeared that were to decide the especial field on which those elements should come into play. As determining causes, then, in shaping his subsequent career, it is necessary that the character of this movement and the spirit of this pioneer should be brought vividly before the mind.

The population of Boston, say up to 1828, had been one of the most homogeneous in nationality, customs, and faith anywhere to be found. In its steel-cut die the Puritanism of the past had stamped it in rigid shape and in sharp outlines. Of its 13,000 families, 8,800 were regularly connected with the churches of the city, and progress in enlightenment went on inside and not outside of these churches. Among the 4,200 unchurched families, however, a great amount of ignorance, poverty, and vice had become developed. Puritanism had an incisive way of its own in establishing, even on earth, both its heaven and its hell, — a way inevitable in its working just in so far as it patterned itself on the methods and on the image of its God. With all its grand virtues, sympathetic appreci-

ation of the wretched natural endowment and terrible temptations of the outcast non-elect was not its strong point. Relying on a supernatural call as the one really efficient agency in reformation, it formed few habits of studying the influence of such secondary causes as decent tenements versus reeking cellars, soap and water versus filth, innocent social recreations versus rum and gin. The abyss, then, between its strong, respectable, and highly moral church-going community and the feeble-minded, will-less, and vicious outside element was one yawning wider year by year. Absolutely needful, then, was it becoming that this theological habit of disregarding what were called secondary causes, — a habit traditionally passed on to the generation that had really outgrown the dogmas under which it was shaped, — must be eradicated root and branch, and these secondary causes be made to flare out before the eye as primary causes.

Not only, however, had Boston already developed an element of its own kith and kin in blood, rapidly tending to pass from poverty and vice to chronic pauperism,

but now a new evil was to accentuate the danger. The tide of foreign immigration, destined in a comparatively short time to rise to such colossal proportions, was beginning to bring in large numbers of aliens, strangers in language, faith, and customs to the native-born population. Paupers already, many of them, and sure through illness and ignorance of the ways of a new country to furnish constant fresh recruits even from the ranks of the more competent, a problem of ever-growing complexity was forced on all thoughtful minds. Evidently the old methods would no longer suffice. To quote the words of Dr. Edward E. Hale: "So soon as the miracle of foreign immigration began to show its proportions, it became clear that the machinery of the Church, as framed by Cotton, Ward, Newton, and the rest, was not adequate to the occasion. . . . The Church, by that machinery, virtually proposed to any stranger who might arrive here with his family from Connaught or Bavaria or Genoa, that he should purchase a piece of property called a pew, that he should lead his family there on

Sunday at half-past ten in the morning, and at a quarter-past two in the afternoon. If he would do this, the Church was ready on the other hand to give him religious instruction. Such an offer, not made indeed with any urgency, was of course never accepted."

If the mountain would not come to Mohammed, then Mohammed must go to the mountain. Such was the thought which now took irresistible possession of the mind of a providential man, Joseph Tuckerman, to whose electric personality, far-reaching views, and absolute consecration of spirit, it is necessary to devote a separate chapter.

III.

JOSEPH TUCKERMAN.

JOSEPH TUCKERMAN had graduated from Harvard College as far back as 1798, in the same class with the great divine William Ellery Channing, the great jurist Joseph Story, and the great painter Washington Allston. Endeared to his classmates by his captivating social charm, he yet seemed a creature born for pure enjoyment of air and sunshine, exempt by happy birthright from every call to the serious duties of life. Enough for him to live and give thanks in so beautiful a world. Pure and innocent as a maiden, no trace of vice soiled him, only so unspeakably happy was he — a happiness he carried with him to the latest day of life — that his seemed the dower from heaven of eternal childhood, free to float, at the will of every passing breeze, like the clouds in the blue sky.

Settled in 1801 in the ministry, in the town of Chelsea, Massachusetts, a position into which, on a simple tide of kindly and devout feeling, he had drifted with no adequate preparation for his work, he yet remained there twenty-five years, till the age of fifty, without really coming to himself and finding what he was made for. Diligent and faithful in his duties, he was none the less dull and uninspiring as a preacher. In the round of routine work necessitated by ministering to a community of well-to-do, respectable people, already constituting a sort of average, commonplace Kingdom of Heaven on earth, his high-wrought emotional nature remained a damped fire.

To bring out the Jesus element in him, Joseph Tuckerman needed the appeal of the publicans and harlots, needed the awakening of the sense of the "joy among the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance." As he looked out from his study windows in Chelsea across the harbor and the widening bay white with sails, he would forget

his books, forget his half-finished laborious sermon, while his yearning soul took flight with the sea-gulls circling round the inbound and outbound vessels, brooding, in such sympathetic flight, over the lives of the wandering sailors with no home nor sanctuary but the brothel and the grog-shop in every port. His first act, then, in the direction of his new ministry of mercy was to organize, in 1812, the Seaman's Friend Society, in the chapel of which was destined later to preach for so many years the famous Father Taylor, a man of so mighty a flood of devoutness and love, allied with so resplendent a pictorial imagination, as to startle every hearer with the sense that here stood one descended not in name alone, but in direct apostolic succession, from the poet-divine Jeremy Taylor.

Health at last failing under the moping influence of parish work, Dr. Tuckerman finally determined, in 1826, to resign his pastorate and devote himself wholly to a ministry to the poor of Boston. From that hour he was a new man. Finding that the classes he wanted to get at would

not go to the established churches, he founded a chapel of his own in Friend Street, known as the Circular Building, for familiar religious services. Beginning his wanderings through the city, "he found the streets filled with idle children, large families occupying the damp and dirty cellars of Broad and Sea streets, graduating regularly thence to the hospitals and almshouses. Indefatigably visiting from house to house, giving practical counsel, apprenticing boys, procuring employment for adults, starting an infant school, attending the courts, the whole problem of poverty, ignorance, and vice now absorbed him, heart and head. To enlighten the public mind, paper after paper was circulated by him, on 'Wages of Poor Men and Women,' 'Slop-Shops,' 'Causes of Poverty,' 'Classes of the Poor,' 'Day Laborers in Winter,' 'Families that have known Better Days,' 'Intermediate Schools for Dull Scholars.' Finding ministers of religion afraid to cry aloud to the rich men of Boston to desist from renting their corner stores for liquor-shops and their front cellars for tene-

ments, he himself cried out so loudly as to make the city ring again.[1]

"Appointed in 1832 by the Massachusetts House of Representatives member of a special commission to report on pauperism, Dr. Tuckerman collected so carefully facts and figures that his report served as the basis of reform in his own State and was quoted by other legislatures. Indeed, it made for him a European reputation, for he had studied the whole subject in the parliamentary debates and rulings of the English law courts from the date of Edward III., as well as in those of France and Germany." Thence the hearty recognition of the great French philanthropist, Baron Degerando, "This man understands the difference between poverty and pauperism."

Soon the work revealed itself as more than any one man could do. "Dr. Tuckerman, however, had the distinguishing faculty of great men, that he was able to incite others. When he appeared before

[1] See, for an admirable account of the life and journals of Tuckerman, two articles by Eber R. Butler, in the October and December, 1890, numbers of *Lend a Hand.*

the legislature, he was backed by the foremost men of the community, the Jacksons, the Appletons, the Lawrences, the Perkinses of those days." Moreover, in his more immediate daily duties he before long associated with himself three devoted young men, Charles F. Barnard, Frederick T. Gray, and Robert C. Waterston. The four thousand unchurched families should thus be divided among four helpers. Their business was to see that there should be no nests of disease, moral or physical, in the town, that the idle man should find work, that existing dens of temptation, into which strangers most readily wander, should be abolished.

Nothing short of this was the belief of Dr. Tuckerman in the practical power of men and women of consecrated lives, humane feelings, intelligence, and good sense, to stamp out poverty and vice, and to bring in a kingdom of God on earth. A period of fairly millennial expectation for society had already been inaugurated by the preaching of Channing, and welcomed by many lofty spirits; in truth, nothing short of an exultant sense of the redis-

covery and re-birth of the prophetic Jesus of Nazareth after centuries of burial in a mediæval tomb. This day seemed the Scripture fulfilled in their ears: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Yet, though the millennium came not, mighty works followed for the pauper, the slave, the waif on the street, the blind, the insane, the idiotic, and for the emancipation of the community at large from cramping traditions and gloomy superstitions. Further, as on one line of this widespread action Joseph Tuckerman played so historic a part, it seems fitting, in closing this chapter, to show the light in which he shone before his own day and generation. To this end, no higher testimonial could be adduced than a few extracts from the tribute paid to his memory by Dr. Channing: —

"When I first met him in college, he

had the innocence of childhood, but he did not seem to have any serious views of life. Three years he passed almost as a holiday. . . . How often has he spoken to me with grief and compunction of his early wasted life! . . . On leaving college he gave himself to the Christian ministry; but with the unchastened inconsideration of his youth, he plunged into its duties with little preparation. The consequence was a succession of mortifications, most painful at the time, but of which he afterwards spoke as a merciful discipline. Here he became a student, a faithful, continuous student, and accumulated much knowledge, and devoted no little time to the thorny topics of theology.

"He was not, however, made to wear out life in such pursuits. His heart was his great power. Having laid a good foundation by study, an unerring instinct taught him that study was not his vocation. His heart yearned for active life.

"At first he entered almost tremblingly the houses of the poor where he was a stranger, to offer his sympathy and friendship. But 'the sheep knew the voice of

the shepherd.' From the first moment a relation of singular tenderness and confidence was established between them. It seemed as if a new fountain of love had been opened within him. Cold, storm, sickness, severe pain, could not shut him up at home. No favorite of fortune could have repaired to a palace, where the rays of royal favor were to be centred on him, with a more eager spirit and quicker step than our friend hastened to the abodes of want in the darkest alleys in our city. I cannot forget one evening when, in conversing with the late Dr. Follen and myself on the claims of the poor, and on the cold-heartedness of society, he not only moved us, but filled us with amazement, by his depth of feeling and energy of utterance; nor can I forget how, when he left us, Dr. Follen, a man fitted by his own spirit to judge of greatness, said to me, '*He* is a great man.' . . . He would sometimes say that could he, on leaving the world, choose his sphere, it would be that of a ministering spirit to the poor. In this there was no blinding enthusiasm. He saw distinctly the vices which are often

found among the poor, their craft, sloth, and ingratitude. The coarsest realities pressed him on every side. But amidst these he saw, now the fainting signs, now the triumphs, of a divine virtue. It was his delight to relate examples of patience, disinterestedness, piety, amid severest sufferings.

"In carrying on this good work Dr. Tuckerman did not stand alone. He began his labors under the patronage of the American Unitarian Association. At length, to insure the continuance of the ministry at large, and to extend its operation, a union or, as it is called, a Fraternity of several churches in the city was formed, to take this important work under its guidance and care.

"His religion was of the most enlarged, liberal character. He did not shut himself up even in Christ. But Christ was his rock, his defense, his nutriment, his life. . . . The horrible thought that certain portions of society are to be kept down by appeals to their superstition and fear has here received a refutation very cheering to the friends of humanity. Dr. Tuckerman car-

ried among the poor his own highest views of religion, and often spoke to me of the eagerness with which they were received. He was, indeed, too wise a man to give them in an abstract form, or in technical language. They were steeped in his heart before they found their way to his lips; and, flowing warm and fresh from this fountain, they were drunk in as living waters by the thirsty souls of the poor. He was naturally happy. There were next to no seeds of gloom in his nature. From these elements of his piety naturally grew up a hope of future glory, progress, happiness, more unmixed than I have known in others. He would talk with a swelling heart, and in the most genuine language, of immortality, of heaven, of nearness to God. His hope in such cases tended to fulfill itself. His tones awakened a like hope in the fallen. He did not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax."

Such, then, as he ever gratefully acknowledged, was the man through vital contact with whom Charles F. Barnard, the subject of this memoir, was kindled to the master passion of his life. Years after

he wrote of his first encounter with Dr. Tuckerman: "The sight that evening, the scenes that morning, have haunted me ever since, and will till I die. From first to last, my span of life and duty has borne the impress of the evening and the morning of that first day. 'If,' cried I, 'these are your flock and that is your chapel, let me be your helpmeet!' 'For life?' asked he. 'For life!' added I. The hearers were humble folks of the lowly sort,—men and women hungry and thirsty for the bread and water of life, whom any lover of the Lord would proudly select for His own among all the congregations of the land. And then, when you beheld the curtain lifted that had hitherto separated you from your fellow-sufferers and fellow-sinners, as you went from room to room, up garret and down cellar, how Christ-like seemed their visitor, counselor and comforter, healer and helper, whom heaven revealed also to your own wondering, reverent eye. . . . So he meant when he cried of a sinner to Channing, 'I must have that man's soul!' So he hoped when he cried of Satan to Father Taylor, 'I want to try love on him!'"

IV.

BIRTH AND SCHOOL LIFE.

CHARLES FRANCIS BARNARD was born April 17, 1808, in Boston, Massachusetts, the eldest child among three sons and one daughter. His father, Charles Barnard, was senior member of the old business firm, Barnard, Adams & Co., on Commercial Wharf. The family then lived in South Street, now a crowded and noisy thoroughfare of the city, but at that time the court end of the town, where, under the shade of great elms and horse-chestnuts, rows of handsome houses lined the street.

As in the case with so many of the early settlers of New England, the Barnards came of a fine strain of Old England blood. The first of the family to seek a permanent home in the new world bore originally the name of Vane, which he changed to Barnard, the name of his wife's family,

because his own father, Sir Henry Vane of Barnard Castle in Durham, had been arraigned for high treason, beheaded on Tower Hill, June 14, 1662, and deprived of his estates. This was the historic Sir Henry Vane, once governor of the colony of Massachusetts, whose virtues Milton celebrates in his noble sonnet:—

"Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel, old."

On the maternal side, Charles Francis Barnard was of the stock of the Middletons of South Carolina, the first of whom in America, Arthur Middleton, came out under royal appointment as governor of that colony. Through him the lineage runs back in unbroken succession to Sir John De Willoughby, a Norman knight, Lord of Willoughby in Lincolnshire by gift of William the Conqueror.

Though a more cordially democratic spirit never breathed than Charles F. Barnard himself, nor one who traced more instinctively the descent of the most outcast straight back through Adam to God, the founder of the whole family in heaven and on earth, it is yet historically interest-

ing in this, as in so many other instances in New England, to note the changes wrought in modes of life and career by a new and utterly different environment. Neither — though it be held by many in America to constitute an impertinent reflection on others to presume to have descended from any one in particular! — should it be set down as gravely reprehensible, even in a philanthropist, should he have felt a certain sense of inward satisfaction at having come of so distinguished a lineage. No trace, however, of such feeling was ever visible in the subject of this memoir. None the less, blood will tell; if, certainly, in horses on the race track, why not in men in the race of life?

As a boy, Charles F. Barnard was forced to follow a desultory course in his school education, for, though muscular in frame and abounding in animal spirits, he was subject to intermittent congestive attacks that rendered long-continued application an impossibility. Happily, the means of his father were ample enough to secure for him frequent changes of air and scene. It is not, however, till the year 1824, when he

was receiving private instruction from the master of the Boston Latin School in preparation for college, that we come upon any record of his actual thoughts and feelings. He was then sixteen.

In those now far-back days it was a custom, descended from Puritan times, for thoughtful young people to keep private journals. Largely, these were highly subjective in tone, records of daily moods of feeling, romantic in strain, and in many cases morbid. No trace, however, of this last is visible in the journals which, from this date, 1824, young Barnard began, and assiduously carried on for many years. They were written in thin copy-books, on the opening page of the first of which stands a device representing a globe with an anchor suspended from it, and, beneath, the motto "Nil Desperandum," translated, "Don't give up the ship!"—a highly characteristic motto in this instance as showing "the boy the father of the man."

Purely objective in tone, these daily entries brim over with enjoyment of everything going on in the city or country

around about him. Here is manifestly an open air constitution, instinctively seeking sunshine, exercise, and fun. The sole allusions to anything of a painful nature are frequent, though always brief, references to severe headaches. In these, however, there is positive biographic value, showing as they do that here was a system unfitted for confinement and protracted study, and which would find its future career largely determined by this constitutional factor. Apart from this, the abiding consciousness manifest is one of immense capacity for joy, together with the impulse to constant activity.

With only an occasional reference to the Latin or Greek book, the algebra or geometry, on which he is engaged in the Boston Latin School, it is mainly his keen interest in outside objects, young Barnard cares to jot down in his journals. If there is a fire in the city, he is on hand; if a Dutch ship arrives in port, he is sure to board her; if a new bank is to be built with a portico of granite columns, it is the huge wagon with hind wheels nine feet in diameter, and drawn by thirty-four yoke of

oxen, that secures him as an admiring spectator. Furthermore, his exuberant delight in natural scenery gets constant expression, as well as in birds and flowers. Evidently he finds the world a very fascinating scene to live in, and is storing mind and heart with a wealth of picturesque sights and incidents that will make it the delight of future children to hear him talk to them. With such abounding spirits the boy element will be sure to keep up its play in him throughout life; and is it not always the grown-up boy who sympathetically understands, loves, and truly helps the actual boy?

Let a few extracts from these school-day journals serve as straws to show how the wind was abidingly blowing in his mind.

"Aug. 16, 1824. The mayor of the city taken up last week for cantering his horse in the streets; he was taken up by a truckman." Here is evidently a fine democratic appreciation of the incident. That truckman could not be spared! Mayors themselves must obey the laws they enforce on others.

"Sept. 24, 1824. This morning General

La Fayette made a most splendid entrée into this metropolis." Boston had then but 45,000 inhabitants, but the boy's soul swells with too high civic pride to be content with a lesser name than metropolis. Thenceforth, during all his stay, he tracks the General round to Commencement Day in Cambridge, to Phi Beta Kappa Day, to Charlestown, and wherever else he goes.

"October 20, 1824. When in Roxbury, I passed one of the columns of the bank on its way to the city; there were thirty-four yoke of oxen tugging at it. They went very slowly. Oct. 21. Cattle show to-day. The great column reached State Street at noon. Professor Everett introduced four members of the British Parliament to the Latin School this morning."

"Nov. 8, 1824. High fever, leeches applied at night, after which I felt better in my head." Let this suffice as illustration of his constitutional peril, tendency to brain congestion, and only to be helped by larger supplies of quoit-pitching, exploration of lead mines, entrées of Marquis La Fayette, and mayors arrested by truckmen for cantering their horses on the public street.

"March 4, 1825. Inauguration of the new President at Washington to-day. His friends saw fit to make a deal of racket and to have a great dinner at 'Old Funnel,' insomuch that the like was never seen. Moreover, in the night time, the men round about made many bonfires and destroyed much wood which had *better been given to the poor.*" Although the ingenuous boy had temporarily lost sight of the context which puts this scriptural quotation into the mouth of the Pharisee denouncing the waste of the alabaster box of precious perfume, he none the less meant it honestly, as all his future life was to show.

"June 19, 1825. We had a fine chance of seeing the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of a monument" (Bunker Hill) "which is to be a memento of the most important battle to be found on the pages of American history. . . . After the stone was laid, the company adjourned to an amphitheatre which had been put up for the occasion, where Mr. Webster delivered a very eloquent address. I felt too hungry to stay to hear it, especially as I had no

ticket for the great dinner which was given on the occasion."

A final extract from these school-day journals may have interest as illustrating the difference between the examinations for entering Harvard in those days and the examinations of the present.

"Sept. 2, 1825. The opening of a new chapter in my life! Bowditch and I (with a raff of books) left town about five in the morning. We reached Cambridge after a short and chilly ride, put our horse up at the stable, took the proper books under our arms, and went to University Hall, where (after waiting a few minutes) we were separated into divisions. We were first examined by Professor Farrar in Algebra, having delivered our letters to him. We then went to the tavern and took breakfast, after which we were examined by Mr. Channing in Sallust, Professor Hedge in Cicero, and Professor Folsom in writing Latin. We then took dinner. Next examined by Dr. Popkin in Greek grammar, Mr. Hilliard in Virgil, Mr. Noyes in Greek prose, Burnap in Greek poetry, and lastly by Dr. Ware in Greek Testament. We

finished at five P. M. Took supper at half-past six, and at eight P. M. all assembled in the yard before the President's house, where we waited an hour or so, when the first, second, and third divisions were called for. We groped our way upstairs in 'fear and trembling,' and in a moment after stood in the august presence of the Faculty of Harvard University. Bowditch, Blake, and myself received the welcome answer that we 'entered.' We danced over to the tavern with hearts as light as air, tumbled into our beds, and soon were sound asleep."

V.

AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

YOUNG Barnard's Harvard examination, described in the last chapter, had been for admission to the sophomore class, ill-health having prevented him from presenting himself the year before as freshman. The journals are still kept up, and with the same keen zest for recording every incident with a flavor of life in it. They moreover show him to have been an omnivorous, though desultory, reader of travels, poetry, essays, history, in truth of everything of a concrete character, a habit that continued through life, whenever he could procure leisure to indulge in it. Whatever seized hold of his imagination in the way of picture was vividly remembered, and ever after on call in illustration of any principle he wished to light up. At the same time — though there is no evidence that he shared any actual part in

them — he never fails to take a picturesque interest in the various escapades of his fellow-students in the way of burning tar barrels, smashing tutors' windows, breaking in the doors of recitation-rooms, and even at times indulging in explosions of gunpowder. "The proper study of mankind is man" was always a maxim with him.

For people disposed to contrast the Golden Age of the past with what they call the Bronze or the Iron Age of the present, it may be instructive to compare the ways of the Harvard student in 1827 with those of his grandsons in 1895. Only a couple of years ago, and most rightly, a hue and cry was raised in the public press over the barbarity of the initiation practices in vogue, on the reception of new members into certain of the college societies. How much did they differ for the worse from what follows?

"Feb. 27, 1827. In the evening I attended a very interesting meeting of the Euphrodians. It conferred an honorary degree upon a Dutchman, — in sport of course. He took it all in earnest and

thanked us very politely for the honor we had shown him. Poor fellow, he knows little of the Yankees. This Dutchman, by name Van Beerenstyn, has been in Cambridge some time, during which he has contrived to get acquainted with several students. Being in one of the students' rooms, he was persuaded to send a challenge to Mr. Baci, the Italian tutor, with whom he happened to be offended. In a few minutes the challenge was returned accepted. Mr. Van then began to shake, but by dint of much persuasion was finally brought to the fatal spot. All preliminaries being settled, his antagonist fired first, but without success. Full of hope, the Dutchman raised his hand, drew the trigger, and down dropped Baci. The victor took to his heels without delay. However, he was soon overtaken by a constable with his writ, who kept him in durance vile until bonds were given for his appearance in court. For the information of those who never went to college, I will add that the constable and Baci were personated by students. The poor fellow was so alarmed that early this morning he

walked across the fields to avoid arrest. Being very anxious to obtain his diploma, he came out after dark disguised in a white coat and green specs. I think the joke was carried too far and became no joke at all."

"Oct. 25, 1827. Tar barrel in college yard this evening. I heard that it was to take place, and was over in Holworthy to see. Passed a couple of hours in Rogers' room, laughing till my sides ached. By the way, I admire to laugh."

As bringing out the more serious side of young Barnard's character, the succeeding extract from these journals will suffice: —

"October 1, 1827. Walked up to the Botanic Garden with Rogers and Bowditch. There was a fine display of fall flowers, whose deep rich colors I always prefer to the gaudy tints of spring and summer. It seems as though Nature put forth all her splendor to grace her departure, and, joining to her glory all that can remind man of his frailty, appears to tell us plainly he must die, — must be forgotten, — but stop and think before you write that word!"

As already has been stated, the real interest of young Barnard's mind centred rather in reading of a multifarious character than in his regular class studies. Frequent entries in his journals bear witness to this. "To-day began Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.'" "Finished my labors with Botta. Taking copious notes, I rendered it quite a task, a long but not unpleasant one." "To-day Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.'" "Read 'Lalla Rookh,' one of the most beautiful poems I ever came across." "March 19. Read 'Martinus Scriblerus,' Byron's 'Cain,' and part of 'Sardanapalus.'" "Finished Congreve's works to-day, his comedy of the 'Double Dealer' most capital; began on a translation of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' also Middleton's 'Life of Cicero.'" "Finished Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' rich in philosophy and gilded thick with capital quotations." To so varied a literary bill of fare was added the careful reading from beginning to end of such voluminous histories as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Hallam's "Middle Ages," and Mitford's "Greece," while to

books of purely abstract thought there is scarcely a reference.

Spite of the fact, however, that the regular curriculum took far less hold on his mind than haphazard reading of whatever illustrated human life, young Barnard maintained a good standing in his class and graduated with honors. It was a class later to be distinguished by such reputations as those of Robert C. Winthrop, George S. Hillard, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas B. Fox, Henry I. Bowditch, and James Freeman Clarke, all of whom through years to come were to render hearty and efficient service to their friend in his philanthropic work.

VI.

IN THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

"I HAVE now taken up my residence at Cambridge, to pursue a course of studies that shall in part fit me for the duties of a Christian instructor, — in part, I say. . . . May the God of all grace so favor the means, to which I am about applying myself, that I may become a blessing to my friends and a benefit to my fellow-men." So begins, September 7, 1828, the new journal.

Eminently characteristic of the young man was the "in part, I say." For minute textual criticism, proofs of the being and attributes of God, systematic bodies of divinity, he cherished but a traditional respect, and not very much even of that. As to prolix discussions of the genuineness of the Gospels, they were, in the only sense in which he cared for the word, so uniquely genuine in life and spirit, that

doubtless he would have replied as did George III. to Bishop Sherlock, on the presentation of his "Apology for Christianity," "Why, God bless my soul, I did not know before it needed to be apologized for." All this in no spirit of derogation from the real value of such studies, but only in witness that here was a youth of such fervid humanity and glowing piety that the simple vision of the beauty and joy of a kingdom of God on earth, as Jesus flashed it forth, set him all aflame. He wanted, indeed, to go through the Divinity School, but very much for the same reasons that actuate certain medical students in going through the Medical School, namely, to get into position to try what is theoretically taught there on actual typhus and smallpox. Accordingly, one of the first entries in the new journal runs as follows: "Read a fine tract called 'The Final Tendency of Religious Controversy.' I never was much inclined to religious disputes. Religious disputes! what a phrase. Professor Norton has written a book in favor of controversy, which Fox says I ought to read. I mean

to, but I dare to think the professor will not convert me."

The miscellaneous reading still went on, but now more on lines of whatever in the manners and customs of men, particularly in the Orient, would help to make the gospel story more vivid to imagination. Reading and study alike, however, were perpetually broken in upon by excursions into the living world of the day, to see for himself what was going on for the practical relief of misery or for the uplifting of the degraded. As an example of this, let the following extract serve: "I passed the remainder of the day with G. Haskins, who has been appointed chaplain of the House of Industry. Saw the female inmates at their dinner. I had thought such faces and such forms dwelt only in the imagination of Cruikshank, but there they were, living, moving, and eating rice pudding. It being late and rainy, I concluded to stay till the morrow with him. I woke several times during the night, and, in spite of the toothache, laughed heartily at the idea of sleeping in an almshouse, — the which oddity, however, may again occur."

During his three years' stay in the Cambridge Divinity School, a philanthropic society was formed among the students, of which young Barnard was the most active spirit. On all sides, signs were manifest of a resolute determination to make practical application to the worst evils of society of the sublime visions of the future of humanity, with which the preaching of Dr. Channing had inflamed so many minds. In those days, Dr. Channing stood forth clad in the robes of inspirer and prophet. Through the luminous beauty of his eyes shone the light and through the tones of his voice thrilled the emotions that revealed a diviner realm of life to others. But frail in health, and with a body so etherealized as to "serve but as a pretext for keeping his soul a little longer on earth," he was incapable of the physical strain involved in flinging himself against the hard realities and into the rough and tumble mêlée of practical philanthropic work. Nor was this called for, more than for the captain of the ship to desert his charts and sextant, or the steersman his compass and wheel, to brace

the halliards. Hundreds of physically tougher men and women, of men and women organized by nature for the active rather than the contemplative life, were getting ready to come to close quarters with drunkenness, slavery, pauperism, insanity, and to try to make the blind see, the dumb speak, and the lame walk. Channing's part was it to supply the vision and the sacred passion.

Already now was Dr. Tuckerman engrossed body and soul in the work of carrying into the slums of the city this high religious idealism. Quite as eagerly, too, was he on the lookout for young men cordially sympathetic with his own high-wrought sense of the privilege of dedicating their lives to such a service.

Certainly, the last thing young Barnard was looking forward to was a pulpit in a city church, or indeed in any church, where he should minister simply to the well-to-do. It was to the disinherited he felt a call to minister, and especially, as already he was beginning to feel, to *disinherited children* exposed to every form of the worst temptation. Instinctive as his

love of birds was his love of children, his yearning, too, to fling wide the doors of the imprisoning cages of narrow dogma and harsh discipline, and set them free to wing it under the blue sky and warm sunshine, heirs of all the beauty of the world. "I have often thought," he breaks out in his journal, "that there would be few things more delightful than to take a young child and open to his mind the glorious truths of Christianity. Philosophers have longed to watch the breaking of natural light upon an eye reclaimed from blindness, but the experiment is naught, compared to the unfolding of Christianity to a living soul."

Truer words of self-criticism were never written than these. Throughout life their writer felt the same enthusiastic delight in cultivating the child-soul as the horticulturist in cultivating roses and lilies. Not a question of soil, temperature, sunshine, moisture, protection from frost, insect, and blight, but was as vital to the one as the other. True, the word "environment" had not yet been invented in those early days, at least in the technical sense in which it has been so perpetually, and perhaps

WITHDRAWN.

wearisomely, used since the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." But no more than Darwin did young Barnard believe in the old-fashioned idea of the permanence and immutability of species, — most especially in the permanence and immutability of the species bad boy as versus the species good boy. In the whole controversy between the champions of inherited and the champions of acquired characteristics, as determinative of character, he took sides emphatically with the latter. The influences emanating from one's habitual surroundings, these, he felt, are the magic forces that shape him; and the glory of human effort and the pledge of its ultimate triumphant success lie in the transcendent variety and richness of the means put at man's command — if only he will see and use them — for creating a new environment. All this stood out as clearly before the mind of the young man, as in matters of physical health before that of the physician when he sends away a puny, emaciated child from the confinement of the hot city to breathe in the iodine of the seashore or the balsam of the pine-clad mountain top.

VII.

ORDINATION.

On completing his course, September, 1831, in the Cambridge Divinity School, the magnet that proved strongest in attraction for Charles F. Barnard was, as already has been stated, Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, whom he now began to accompany in his daily rounds through the worse quarters of the city. Under these circumstances was it that occurred the short but decisive interchange quoted farther back: "'If,' cried I, 'these are your flock and that is your chapel, let me be your helpmeet!' 'For life?' asked he. 'For life!' added I.'" Already had two other devoted young men, Frederick T. Gray and Robert C. Waterston, associated themselves with the veteran pioneer. The charge of the poor of the city was now to be divided among the four, in the resolve that, God helping them, ignorance, disease, pauper-

ism, and irreligion should be abolished. With no less fervid hope than this was the work begun.

Not until November 2, 1834, was it, however, that, adequate trial having been made and measures matured by the Fraternity of Churches, actual ordination to the ministry at large was conferred on two of these young men, Charles F. Barnard and Frederick T. Gray. The service took place in the presence of a crowded congregation in Federal Street Church, Dr. Tuckerman preaching the sermon, and the charge being given by Dr. Channing. Here was a work that lay very close to Dr. Channing's heart. Not his, the too common feeling that in the ministry to the poor and ignorant no especial mental ability is called for, or that tinsel rhetoric and plenty of superstition will prove far more congenial than clear reason and high feeling. In Æsop's Fables, which every child could enjoy and yet feel the depths of, Dr. Channing recognized as great an exercise of intellectual insight as in many a lofty tragedy or profound treatise of philosophy. To him the simple parables of Jesus were as imme-

diate a divine creative act as the lilies of the field or the birds of the air they illustrated and glorified. Therefore was it that he charged so emphatically the young men before him never for an instant to confuse simplicity with shallowness of thought, or to give in to the idea that all that was expected of them was commonplace nutriment for commonplace minds.

"We charge you, my friends," Dr. Channing urged, "to beware of this common error. Do not dishonor your high calling by supposing it to require little force of thought and feeling. The poor are generally ignorant, but in some respects they are better critics than the rich, and make greater demands on their teachers. They can only be brought and held together by a preaching which fastens their attention, or pierces their consciences, or moves their hearts. They are no critics of words, but they know when they are touched or roused, and by this test, a far truer one than you find in fastidious congregations, they judge the minister and determine whether to follow or forsake him.

"Their minister must reach the understanding through the imagination and the heart. He must appeal to the simple, universal principles of human nature. . . . Take your texts, as your Master did, from scenes, events, objects, which are pressing on the notice of your hearers. Better forsake your ministry than make it a monotonous repetition of the common modes of teaching and action.

"You must not wait for the poor in the church. Go to them in their houses. Go where no others will go. . . . Feel an attraction in what others shun, in the bleak room open to the winter's wind, in the wasted form and the haggard countenance, in the very degradation of your race. . . . You will be told to arm yourself with caution, to beware of deception, and the lesson is important; but prudence and caution are only defensive armor. They will be security to yourselves; they give no power over misery, poverty, and vice. . . . The only power to oppose to evil is love, strong, enduring love, a benevolence which no crime or wretchedness can conquer, and which therefore can conquer all.

. . . Do not go to the poor as the representatives of the richer classes, to keep them in order; but go, in the name of Christians, to make them partakers of the highest distinctions and blessings in which any of us rejoice."

It was a high commission that was lifted up before the eyes of the young man in these words of Dr. Channing, and fully did his heart respond to them. The service, however, stood to him personally but as an anointing, in the presence of a solemn assemblage, to a work to which he was already consecrated heart and soul. Perhaps the deepest significance of all lay in the crowded congregation, and in the firm persuasion that it was made up of so many noble men and women ready to cooperate in patient, self-denying, year-long toil in the blessed cause. Apart from them, how little could have been expected. But there they were, asking only for an inspiring leader, to be swift with a generous response.

VIII.

BRIEF MARRIED LIFE.

As already said, Charles F. Barnard for eighteen months previous to his ordination had been embarked on the full tide of work. The city had granted him the use of Ward Room No. 11, to be used in his service as minister at large, and had made him a director in the House of Industry. He kept incessantly engaged in visiting the poor and studying their needs, in consoling them in their sorrows and counseling them in their difficulties. How happy he was in these rounds of grateful duty finds constant expression in his journals.

"The little tots at South Boston came running to me, calling me by name. I could not but feel for them, the lone orphans in a poorhouse. I smiled on them and patted their cheeks. As I left the room, I turned round and saw them all

running about and saying, 'Oh, he likes me!' and 'He likes me!' and 'He likes me too!'

"Saw old Mrs. Cook again. It always does me good to see her, — so poor and feeble, and yet so happy and trustful. 'I want nothing now,' said she, 'but goodness, and I shall never say I don't want that.' It seems sometimes that if we could only once get people into the field, they would all be ministers at large. Is it not meant that they should be?"

To crown his happiness, he had for some time been engaged to a young woman of rare ideality of character, who entered with enthusiasm into all his hopes and schemes, — Miss Adeline M. Russell. Their house at No. 686 Washington Street had been made ready for them, and a week after the ordination, May 26, 1834, they were married, and there set up their home. "I feel now the whole of life's great mystery," he writes; "I am conscious of the full pulse of true existence." But before a month had passed she was lying dead, and he was left alone.

To a man of such emotional intensity,

the shock was terrible. He sought relief by devoting himself in an even more consecrated spirit to his work, and by seeking forgetfulness of his private sorrow in the vast sorrow of the world. It is the blessedness of natures so full of love as his, and in which love supplies rich material of vision to imagination, that under its spell the sharpest woes of life become transfigured. The exaltation he always experienced in the presence of nature and the imagery it supplied for vivid conceptions of the yearned-for heaven now came to his relief with a power he never felt before. It was, then, in a strain of religious feeling like this which follows that he could, later on, write of a visit to the seashore at Cohasset.

"How much they lose who lose the majesty of night. We had first a fine sunset, followed by a broad pink column of zodiacal light. Star after star was lit up to gem the vault of the great temple, and the Milky Way was flowing from north to south as a wreath of incense. The meteors dropped through our atmosphere as from another world. The Northern Lights

continued very bright, now burning in brilliant spots, now streaming as vast organ pipes into the upper air. The east grew brighter and brighter, the moon rose slowly and threw her chaste light upon all around us. How full the murmur of the ocean was of *her!* Such things fill my life with solemn pleasure. I can sit on the sand and enjoy our life of love over again, while the power of God moves before me on the waters, and eternal life is echoed in their incessant beat."

IX.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

FAMILIAR enough is the pathetic confession of Martin Luther's life-long friend and co-worker, Philip Melancthon, of the pain that struck home to his heart when on going forth, his soul aflame with the "glad tidings of great joy" he longed to proclaim to his fellow-men, he was met by them with apathy or disdain. Yet it is a confession repeating itself in every fresh generation. Short and terse was the phrase in which the disheartened preacher summed it up: "I found that Old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon;" but it stood for the all of the inevitable moral shock involved in the first encounter of a mind, nurtured on the highest aspirations and most radiant hopes of elect spirits, with the accumulated evils, brutalities, and deceits ingrained in the lower strata of society.

In all such high-wrought idealism as that of Dr. Channing there lies a peril, as well as an inspiration, to the ardent hearer. Such a preacher "knows man, but not men," knows the divine element in human nature, but not its animalism and moral degradation. He sees visions and he dreams dreams. So ravishing are they, such an opening wide of the gates into a visible heaven, that fired with their spiritual beauty, kindred minds believe for the hour that they need only go forth to proclaim them, and forthwith the new revelation will be greeted with thanksgiving on every hand. Many the impulsive spirits that listen with gladness to such strains as Channing's, and then seeking to bring them home in all their glory to fighting Tom, and drunken Mary, and lying Bill, "immediately are offended, and having no root in themselves, endure but for a while and then wither away."

This was the trial now before young Barnard. His heart was bruised and sore over his own personal affliction, and yet comforted and uplifted by exalted religious faith. It was not suffering, but unsolaced

suffering, that seemed to him the burden of humanity; and so he set to work with renewed consecration, able at last, he felt, to speak as one having authority through his own baptism of pain. But now in his letters and journals occurs many a passage of deep inward depression.

"I meet," he writes a friend, "with continual disappointment among the objects of my ministry. They deceive me in every point to get assistance from me, and, worse than all, they lead me into false hopes as to their moral and spiritual advancement. But I feel that insensibly I am getting used to it, and that it is leading me to read better and hold faster the great rules of prudence and caution. I am getting to be more distrustful of myself, — my feelings, — the appearances of things, — and feel that I must use all means, the most humble and the most remote, of ascertaining the true character and the real claims of those who may apply to me, — thus making human nature, under its various phases, the *study of my life.* Meanwhile I keep, or try to keep, always at work, instant in season and out of season, from

the firm belief that such is my positive duty, and that such a course of untiring exertion is absolutely required of me by my Heavenly Father."

More and more evident was it becoming that his interest in his work was increasingly centring in neglected children. His own was preëminently a child nature, impulsive, enthusiastic, spontaneous, open-eyed with wonder as in a new world. For an efficient worker among a population of ignorant and degraded adults, a man really needs in his make-up a rare and subtle combination of the detective and the saint. But of the detective there was little or nothing in Mr. Barnard. Impulsive benevolence ran away with him, and he was easily imposed on. To spend day after day like a consecrated ferret, tracking out all the intricate windings in the rat-holes of deceit, was utterly repulsive to him, and would have left him little wiser in the end than when he set out. But with children he was at home. He could make them happy. He could win their love. He could open up to them a new world of life and beauty. Even in his own sorrow,

he found them his best consolers. "I can hardly tell you," he writes his friend Thomas B. Fox, "how much of my comfort has sprung from my children of the Sunday-school and chapel. You saw their tears. I have felt all their deep, lively interest betrayed in every look and act toward me. I have almost wept for joy in the streets on noticing their manner of approaching me, on hearing the sweet tones of their voices subdued and mellowed to the accents of truest affection."

Already, as far back as November 11, 1832, the beginning had been made in the parlors of Miss Dorothea L. Dix — later the devoted benefactor of the insane — of a movement that was destined to grow into a veritable "Children's Church," — original and unique in character, pregnant with far-reaching results. It started with a class of three pupils seated on a little green bench, which is now kept in Warren Street Chapel as a historic memorial of the Child Hegira. Before a month had passed, so rapidly had the numbers increased that Miss Dix's parlors would no longer hold them. While there, all by

themselves, Mr. Barnard had been able to make the service replete with interest and charm to the children. Now, however, for lack of ample quarters, he was forced to unite his school to that of Rev. John Pierpont in the Hollis Street Church, "he assuming the office of minister to the children for a special service, but agreeing that they should likewise attend the regular ministration to the adults."

Of course, to a staid, old-fashioned congregation like that of Dr. Pierpont, there were features in this new departure which seemed closely allied to "an irruption of the barbarians," — and not unnaturally. Seats were assigned the children in the gallery during the church service, and it was complained that the tattoo of their heels on the pew-boards seriously disturbed the devotions of the worshipers. Moreover, when an actual transfer of the disturbers to the vestry for a service of their own was decided on, still the arrival and departure of the pupils, together with the sound of their singing, were inevitable sources of annoyance.

Upon Mr. Barnard's mind, on the other

hand, that tattoo of heels on the pew-boards acted as inspiringly as the beating of the morning reveille drums on the sleeping soldiery. It was simply an emphatic proclamation of nature that preaching so admirably adapted as Dr. Pierpont's to thoughtful adults was pure torment to children. Their heels went because their abounding nervous forces, concentrated neither in mind nor heart, must work off at the extremities. Strict justice compels one to say that here was a case in which "Wisdom was justified in both her children," — in Dr. Pierpont's congregation in devoutly wishing to get rid of so much racket, and in Mr. Barnard's reacting conviction that a new and decided step must be taken in the religious nurture of children. Meanwhile, as a makeshift till something better could be done, a rather dismal hall over the old engine house in Common Street, where the Brimmer schoolhouse now stands, was occupied for about a year.

Already, into the "Children's Church" established in the Hollis Street Vestry, had Mr. Barnard succeeded in bringing to-

gether no less than two hundred and fifty boys and girls, a part of them regularly connected with Dr. Pierpont's society, and the rest personally attracted to him in the course of his work of ministering to the poor in the lanes and cellars of the city. From the start he had showed a happy faculty for "getting in" with street boys. Though grave in aspect, tall and angular in stature, and with a voice and manner rather blunt than sentimental, not at all the typical St. Vincent de Paul of the Italian pictures, yet children never for an instant mistook his hearty, human nature for the pious disguise of an atrabilious minister, surreptitiously bent on decoying them in to a festival of dreary catechisms or spectral tracts. Out of the grave face would soon leap a smile and out of the set lips a jest, all the more attractive for a something behind them that commanded respect. Abruptly would he stop on the street before a group of boys pitching coppers and, instead of asking them if they "knew where they would be sure to go to," should they continue such sinful practices, manifest a thoroughly human interest in

the game. Then by degrees he would ask them whether they had ever seen the old elm in Cambridge under which Washington first drew his sword; or, if he questioned them as to the books they read, be much more apt to dilate with rapture on the pleasure to be derived from the "Arabian Nights" than from "Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs." Step by step he thus drew them on to hear him talk about his chapel, where there were nice books to read, and from which went out chestnuting many a merry party, or on excursions down the harbor; the now attractive discourse terminating with a hearty invitation that they should come round next Sunday morning and try for themselves how they liked it. Many and many the boy or girl who was thus skillfully hooked; while proselytes in plenty were tolled in through the enthusiastic way in which the praises of the chapel were sung by the children who, in their own slang, had "sampled" it themselves.

However, the hall in Common Street proved anything but what satisfied Mr. Barnard's ideal of the right surroundings

for a "Children's Church." Underneath it was the engine house, where gathered every Sunday a crew of loafers, smoking, drinking, and making such a hubbub that even in hot weather it was necessary to keep the windows shut to secure stillness enough to render the services audible. Moreover, during week days the hall was used for a primary-school room, necessitating arduous preparation to get things ready for Sunday, and rendering futile every attempt to give it an attractive appearance. Besides, it was crowded to overflowing.

So popular, none the less, had the services become, and so many superior and charming men and women had Mr. Barnard's enthusiasm enlisted in his aid, that numbers of children of richer parentage from the old established churches insisted on deserting the sacred feast, dry as the remainder biscuit, served in their own parishes, and on joining heart and soul in a movement so much more congenial with their time of life. So far as such mingling of rich and poor went, Mr. Barnard heartily approved of it. He felt it was good for both. The last thing he believed in was

a church composed of the exclusively poor or the exclusively rich, whether children or adults. "Freely ye have received, freely give," was his maxim respecting the favored classes. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" was his equal sense of the natural, hearty, unconventional way in which children take to one another, regardless of questions of birth, dress, or the quarter of the town lived in.

None the less, this exodus from the older churches awakened great jealousy on the part of their pastors, and Mr. Barnard was sharply taken to task for seducing the children from their natural relations to their ancestral churches. In vain he pleaded that he had never in this way solicited a single child. Then must he forbid them to come and positively refuse to receive them. This he declined to do, agreeing, however, to admit none but with the written consent of their parents. Still, so thoroughly interested were large numbers of children, as to find no difficulty in obtaining such written consent from fathers and mothers, only too glad to see their boys and girls heartily enlisted in anything

good. "If ministers do not want their children to roam abroad," said Mr. Barnard, "they must make it attractive to them at home. Bees will go where the honeysuckles bloom. None come to us," he added, "from King's Chapel, for Mr. Greenwood makes it so pleasant there for his children that they do not want to stray off anywhere else."

Ideas are revolutionary, as much so in the case of children as of grown people. That the whole attitude of the church toward the religious education of children must be revolutionized now became Mr. Barnard's deep and even fiery conviction. Religion in the way in which it is presented is made a burden to them. It is offered them in abstract, lifeless propositions. It has no affinities with their free, happy natures. It does not smell of the clover, sparkle with the sunshine, carol with the birds. Invite them to the open festival of sky, lily, spontaneous joy, and love, as Jesus proclaimed it, and you will create a church whose genuineness will reach on and emancipate all other churches.

How intensely this feeling had now

taken hold of Mr. Barnard's mind is evident in a letter he wrote about this time to one of his brothers. "At the bottom," he says, "I have little or no faith in our present churches or in any of our other administrations of Christianity. I do not find my idea of my Master realized in them. We are too formal, too pharisaical, too cold and heartless. The religious life should be as spontaneous, simple, and easy as the natural life. Jesus, to my apprehension, was not a priest, nor did he have a pulpit. He lived among people, he understood their wants, he was always ready to show his sympathy and good will. . . . Let a man at the present day tread the same path and be conversant and familiar with man in the market, at the shop, by the fireside, and at the sick-bed, — let him do all this out of the abundance of his heart and with untiring devotion, as simply and quietly too as he breathes, — and the same blessed gospel will be uttered over again."

X.

PLEA FOR A NEW BUILDING.

As stated in the previous chapter, the noise, crowding, and general discomfort inevitably bound up with such a gathering-place as the hall over the engine house had brought Mr. Barnard to the settled conviction that he must have larger and more commodious accommodations, or give up the hope of establishing such a "Children's Church" as he yearned to see in happy operation. Accordingly, he addressed a long and earnest appeal to the Central Board of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, under which he held commission as a minister at large, praying that a suitable building might be erected for the purposes he had in view.

The whole number of families unconnected with any parish, in the quarter of the city assigned to his charge, he put down at four hundred and fifty-seven, three

hundred and three of these families composed of the worst classes of our poor, reckless, improvident, debased by intemperance and kindred vices. Friend Street Chapel, in which he preached to such of them as he could collect on Sunday evenings, he described as a place so close and hot "that it always had to be closed during the summer months;" adding, "I have often preached there when I should have been ashamed to have carried my friends with me, the air was so bad. I trust we shall be equally careful of the feelings and comfort of the poor." Quite as strong objections could be brought against the engine house in which the children were gathered.

What was needed, he now insisted, was a commodious building, conveniently situated, embracing an audience-room for three or four hundred people and smaller rooms for classes, — "in every way worthy to take rank among the permanent institutions of the city." Further, "we must do more than provide such places for the poor. We must go with them, we must share in their devotions, we must show by

our presence at the altars raised for their benefit that we are interested also in the sacrifice to be offered thereon. I am glad to believe that God will never smile upon the attempt to carry the distinctions of the world into the house of his worship. The Friend Street Chapel has always received important aid from those members of the wealthier classes who have attended its services. Whenever such attendance was diminished, I observed the ill effects among the poor. They spoke of it themselves with feelings of regret. Should it ever cease, the attendance of the poor would cease with it. My own audience at the South End is of a mixed character. Were it not so, it would never have been as large. I pray that through the blessing of Heaven it may always continue the same."

For reasons easily comprehensible, Mr. Barnard's appeal to the Central Board was adversely reported on. The whole experiment of the ministry at large was comparatively a new one, and had not yet gained the confidence of the community. Even under existing conditions, it was

hard to raise the needful funds to carry it on. Therefore, propositions inevitably entailing further outlay were listened to with dread, even by the conscientious and devoted men who had charge of its affairs. Besides, Mr. Barnard had already aroused feelings of coolness, if not of personal enmity, among laymen and among his clerical brethren, as men of his impetuosity of temperament are always sure to do. Unintentionally he had made inroads, as has been seen, on the young lambs of their flocks; and altogether there was a fire, an immensity of demand and expectation, an alarming novelty in methods, about him, that older, and perhaps more experienced, men could not keep pace with. So far, the ministry at large had been conducted on certain definite lines imprinted on it by the philanthropic genius of its original inspirer, Dr. Tuckerman, an innovator speedily transformed by his ardent converts into an impassable barrier, as is always the unwilling fate of such men. And now this impetuous young cavalier of humanity was charging outside of established lines. Especially did certain

really excellent men become more than half afraid of him, as they saw him concentrating his interest with increasing ardor on the unheard-of idea of a "Children's Church," and insisting with such pertinacity that in the administration of religion the poor stood in quite as vital need of beauty of surroundings and of variety and charm of ministrations as the rich.

There is a world-old puzzle which has exercised and bewildered the wits of countless generations of children, namely, which came first, the hen or the egg. Yet it is a puzzle that does not lose a whit of its perplexity when raised by adults in questions of philanthropy. "There could not have been a hen without an egg to be hatched out of," say the baffled little ones, "and there could not have been an egg without a preliminary hen to lay it." Equally did Mr. Barnard find himself summoned, in his dealings with the poor, to wrestle with this obscure conundrum: Shall I work first on the parents, so many of them already confirmed in bad habits, in the hope of having them bring in the children, or shall I work first on the chil-

dren, and so through their young eager life of hope and aspiration react on what remains of higher feeling in the parents? Does not the sheep follow her young lamb in the arms of the shepherd, and is not the same principle an all-powerful one in human nature? The most abandoned, are they not touched when they see their children placed under influences of higher wisdom and purity than have guided their own lives? Unhesitatingly, Mr. Barnard answered the philanthropic conundrum in favor of the egg as over the hen.

Seeing, then, that the opposition of the Central Board could not be surmounted, Mr. Barnard made up his mind to go forward in his own independent way. In other words, he now determined that have a chapel of the kind he wanted, he would. Like all successful innovators, he was amply endowed with the combative energies requisite to push his ideas to the front. So forthwith he issued the following appeal to the public: —

The building which I occupy at present as a chapel in my ministry among the

poor is too small for the audience and very inconvenient in many other respects. I am very desirous of procuring a new building, and I beg to lay before you the steps I intend to take toward effecting this. An estate bounded upon Warren and Pleasant streets can be procured for about six thousand, five hundred dollars. Such a building as I wish can be erected upon it for the same sum. This building is to be of brick, two stories high, and measuring fifty feet by sixty. The lower floor will be divided into two schoolrooms, to be let for private schools during the week, and to be used for the Sabbath-school classes on that day. There will remain upon this floor two parlors, with bedrooms, closets, etc., for my own residence. In these I shall be able to live in the centre of my sphere among the poor. I can maintain a constant and pleasant connection with the children under my charge, and all plans that promise to be of service can readily be put into operation. The upper story will be thrown into a single hall, to be used as a place of worship and religious instruction, and to be

open for the Thursday evening lecture on Natural History, or for any other means of enlightening, elevating, and sanctifying both parents and children of the poorer and neglected classes. Thirteen thousand dollars will be needed for the above purpose. This sum I hope to raise in the following manner: I will subscribe a thousand dollars, and a friend of mine five hundred, which we will connect permanently with the concern, so that, in case of my death, or any accident, that shall threaten a depreciation of the property, these fifteen hundred dollars shall pass to the credit of the other subscribers of the stock. The remaining sum of eleven thousand, five hundred dollars I propose to raise among my friends. The estate will be mortgaged for the several sums they may advance. Five per cent. per annum will be paid them in interest, and I will keep the building insured and in good repair. The estate is one which Mr. Francis Jackson thinks will for many years continue to advance in value. The building proposed could easily be converted into a dwelling-house or disposed

of in some other way without a material loss, should it become necessary to do so. Mr. Charles Barnard, Israel Munson, Esq., Mr. Wm. Sturgis, and Mr. F. Stanton have subscribed a thousand dollars each. I have taken the liberty of asking your attention to this plan.

With great regard,

Your obedient servant,

C. F. BARNARD.

So great was the personal interest Mr. Barnard had inspired in many minds that this circular, issued purely on his own account, met with immediate acceptance. Men of the standing of William Sturgis, Robert G. Shaw, James Jackson, Charles Jackson, William Prescott, Nathan Appleton, Patrick T. Jackson, Ebenezer Francis, John L. Emmons, Abbott Lawrence, came forward at once with subscriptions of from five hundred to one thousand dollars; while, in smaller amounts, large numbers of the best men and women of the city were represented on the list. As highly capable business and professional men, wary enough of yielding in charitable El Dorados to any

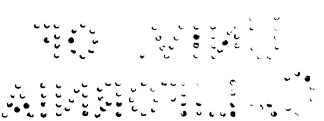
lure of dazzling investments, it was no doubt far more the enthusiasm of the projector of Warren Street Chapel that moved them than the aerial mirage of five per cent. interest. His own fervid conviction that he was to found an institution that would "lay up treasure in heaven" carried the day with them, awakening in their breasts a class of sentiments that would have lain dormant had it been a practical question of establishing a new bank or cotton-mill.

XI.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

THE corner-stone of Warren Street Chapel was laid July 23, 1835, Dr. Tuckerman adding, in his own handwriting, to the inscription to be put under the stone the words, "primarily for children." Mr. Barnard was now supremely happy. Hardly did the Jews returning from the Babylonian Captivity watch with more eager delight the rebuilding of the temple on its old desolated site, than now he and his flock of boys and girls the rearing of this humble building. It was to be their own church, the church of the boys and girls; and it is averred that not a brick was laid or a nail driven but that some juvenile eye was on it to make sure that it was done in a workmanlike way. Already were preparations rife among the little ones for a big balloon to be sent up on the completion of the august temple.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL



Certainly, thus far Mr. Barnard's cherished idea of making the children enthusiastic over their religious home was showing fruit. As a symbol of thanksgiving on a grave ecclesiastical occasion, a big balloon might not have been strictly canonical, but it was far better, it was genuine and right out of the heart. Nor was it, after all, — from the child point of outlook, — so reprehensible a view of the spiritual privileges of departed souls in heaven, when one celestially favored little boy told how he "dreamed the other night that he was living in heaven, but, all the while he was there, he could look down on earth and see the little chapel."

How very naturally such a dream as this might have been imaged out in the brain of a sleeping child is vividly illustrated in a life-long memory, revealed nearly fifty years later in a tribute to Charles F. Barnard by Thomas Hills, Esq., once a pupil and afterwards for many years a devoted worker in the chapel. "I remember," said Mr. Hills, "as if it were but a few weeks ago that, playing with my cousin in the neighborhood, Mr. Barnard

stopped as he was passing, and, pointing to this spot, said, 'Boys, there is where we are going to build. Soon you will see those old wooden buildings torn down, and in their place our chapel will stand!' He made us, members of his infant class, feel that the chapel did not belong to grown people like our fathers and mothers, and that it was not a place to which we were sent as to our day school, or to which we were permitted to come, but that it was our chapel, and that, with him and our teachers, we had an interest in it. And when we assembled upon a beautiful July morning at the laying of the corner-stone . . . it was with a conscious feeling of ownership by our great family, of which he was the head and we were members. And when the hymn of dedication first made these walls resound with vocal music, it was easy for us to understand that we had a home other than that in which we ate our daily bread, and could comprehend that, with the affection and respect we felt for our minister and teacher and the regard he had for us, it was possible that we had a Father on whom we could rely when

death should break the circle of our firesides."

On the last Sunday of January, 1836, the new building was open for services. Seven hundred and thirty children responded to the call, and the four rooms set apart for the Sunday-school exercises soon doubled to eight. In addition, morning and afternoon church services were regularly held in the large hall, the afternoon one crowded to excess.

"The Service for Children," now wrote Mr. Barnard to a friend, "is working wonders. It outruns all my anticipations, and those, you know, were always most sanguine. It has already worked a most happy change among my poor. Religion, with all its hopes, now awakens an interest in many a parent's bosom, where it long slumbered in unbroken repose. The children are full of the matter. Their little eyes sparkle, and their little mouths speak their strong feeling. 'Oh! we shall be at the meeting next Sunday. Who is going to preach? What shall we hear?' fall upon my ear wherever I go. Many, who know no better, ascribe it all to *novelty*. The

outward form is novel. The thing itself is as old as man's creation. Pray for us that we may have wisdom from on high to bear Heaven's message to Heaven's children."

It is to be kept constantly in mind that the parish, so to speak, over which Mr. Barnard now presided stood in absolute contrast with that of an established, trained, and highly organized community of men, women, and children. The question of questions with him was what is best and most hopeful in view of the especial class I am called on to deal with, and not at all what is best for those who have comfortable homes, plenty of books, instruction, and amusement, careful guardianship to keep them out of the streets and to save them from evil companionship.

What Mr. Barnard saw clearly before his eyes was wretched tenements with, too often, ignorant, slatternly, and drunken fathers and mothers as moral examples, and the fascination of haunting the wharves on Sundays as a school of initiation into idleness, profanity, vulgarity, and pilfering. On these data was it that his mind was

made up, and that he uncompromisingly took what was, in those days, an entirely original stand, familiar as it has since become. With perfect accuracy did Dr. Edward E. Hale declare, twenty-five years later, on the occasion of the Silver Birthday of Warren Street Chapel: "The historical step was taken, — the new principle of work was solved, — when Mr. Barnard saw that with the persons with whom he dealt, the Sunday-school" (started originally in Miss Dix's parlor), "instead of being accessory to something else, was, in itself, the *whole thing*. Do not let us hide it in a barn or cellar. Do not let us huddle these children together on crowded benches. . . . But let us provide for *their* Sunday worship, since we know they have no other. . . . It was out of such a resolve, wholly new, as I believe, in history, that this chapel was founded."

In the now far-back days in which this fell, it was brought as a reproach against Protestant churches that, while open on Sundays for stated services, they were yet kept hermetically sealed during the rest of the week; their chill and dreary silence

broken only by the buzzing of swarms of flies. Positively the most ghostly of places, the best adapted of all to call up the sense of a haunted house, was a Protestant church on week days. All this could not fail to suggest a damaging contrast between such deserted temples and the Catholic churches in which mass was said every day, and whose doors stood ever open to the prayers of the faithful. That no such reproach should be brought against the "Children's Church" was Mr. Barnard's resolve from the start. Primarily for this reason did he want to take up his own residence in the building, to be on hand as much as possible when the little ones should run in, and to meet them in the most familiar way. The chapel should be made the centre of activities of every kind, — activities industrial, literary, mechanical, social, as well as religious. Severe, indeed, was the tax thus imposed on the time and strength of his zealous co-workers, and nothing furnishes such strong proof of the inspiring quality inherent in their leader as the ready response, on Sundays and week days, year in and year out,

of so large a band of superior men and women, eager to dedicate to the service of the disinherited their special gifts of teaching, drawing, singing, lecturing, reciting.

There was no article of faith more fervidly embraced by Mr. Barnard than that of the duty of the rich in culture and opportunity to share their higher privileges with the poor and neglected. He did not want a class of well-meaning, but dull and uninteresting, helpers in his work. He wanted women of the greatest refinement and charm, to hold up before the boys and girls an ideal of attractive dignity. He wanted men of business ability, lawyers, doctors, retired sea-captains, men who would command respect for superior knowledge and character. Nothing was too good for children to whom was now to be opened up a new sense of the richness of the world and the possibilities of human nature.

There, for example, was his classmate, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, newly returned from completing his medical studies in Europe, with a head full of science and a heart full of humanity. What a man to

talk to boys! How like bees over a flower-bed would they swarm to suck the honey out of his experience of strange cities and customs. "Was it not a real providence," now wrote Mr. Barnard to a friend, "that when we were in college, I put Bowditch up to keeping a journal, just as I did myself? Now, what blessings I am reaping out of the journal he kept in Europe, and from which he takes his texts for talks to the children!"

All through life, here was the principle on which Mr. Barnard acted, and one which contributed immensely to his success. As years went by, not a Jenny Lind or a Madame Sontag could come to Boston, that he did not know how to persuade her to come and sing to his Warren Street boys and girls. "No one knows how much of latent talent lies hidden in these neglected children," Mr. Barnard often emphatically said. "Let them see and hear the best, and this will bring it out!" His prescience was justified when, in later years, some of the finest vocalists of the country, and many of the foremost patrons of art, gratefully acknowledged that they

owed their first awakening to the opportunities thus afforded them of coming into contact with what was beautiful and inspiring.

On taking charge of the work of Warren Street Chapel, Mr. Barnard was still in the service of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, receiving from them a salary of a thousand dollars. For some time, however, the relation on either side had been growing strained, and soon was it destined to become more so. The scheme of operation insisted on by the Fraternity involved the holding of three services on Sunday for adults, the children to accompany their parents, besides being provided with special instruction in the Sunday-school. Mr. Barnard, however, had in the morning and afternoon entirely reversed this, making the children's service the chief attraction, and seeking to draw in the parents on the principle of the lamb leading the sheep, and not the sheep the lamb. The evening service for adults he still kept up. But his heart was not in it as it was in the children's service. He could not make it as natural and spontaneous.

It came at the end of the day, when his forces were spent, and the weary headache which, with him, so generally accompanied exhaustion, was on. His health, he felt, could not long stand such excess of work and excitement. So the third service would have to be abandoned, — for a time, at any rate.

Very naturally, to the directors of the Fraternity, this seemed a total departure from the methods they had at heart. They were accustomed to the old-fashioned ways, and had no such belief in children as he, no such faith in a free, joyous, democratic administration of religion as would make it delightful as well as improving to their young minds and hearts. So courteously, but firmly, they wrote to Mr. Barnard that they considered he was not carrying out the purpose for which the Fraternity was founded, but exactly reversing it.

Just on the contrary, to his mind, the idea of going back to the old methods seemed going back to tedium and humdrum. To him individually it would have been so. As, fifty years later, his friend,

Dr. Henry I. Bowditch said, "Mr. Barnard was very obstinate in carrying through what he determined upon; and this was one of his merits. I would not give a farthing for anybody's service in a good cause who is not obstinate." But he was more than obstinate. He was inspired with an infallible instinct. He was original with the insight of a great, hospitable child heart, and as genuine in his faith in his own loving way as Jesus when he cried, "Suffer the little children to come unto me!"

The difference, then, that had arisen between Mr. Barnard and the council of the Fraternity was an irreconcilable one. Much could honestly have been urged on either side. Already had the success of Mr. Barnard's personal appeal to the public for the sinews of war with which to build Warren Street Chapel proved a stimulus to the Fraternity to make an equally successful appeal for funds with which to build commodious chapels for Rev. Frederick T. Gray and Rev. John T. Sargent, the other representatives of the ministry at large, — chapels in which admirable work was going on in the old

established way. No doubt there was demand enough in the city for both methods, even if they could not be carried on in accordance with the constitutional provisions of one presiding body. So Mr. Barnard, with the advice of his own stanch friends, resigned his former position under the Fraternity, and took his stand alone.

It was far better so. He was no man to work to advantage under the direction of others. By nature he was too original, too fertile in new ideas, too unconventionally daring, too dictatorial, — at times too willful, — to take the word of command from anybody else. He believed, indeed, in discipline, but in discipline under himself as general and planner of the campaign, holding his high commission direct from God, "the Father of the fatherless." Yes, it was far better so.

Mr. Barnard's resignation as agent of the Fraternity once accepted, the "Committee of the Contributors to Warren Street Chapel" brought forward and carried a resolution that he should receive for his services a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, and that a further sum of four

hundred dollars should be raised by subscription for the other expenses of the institution.

Alas! the story of purely independent movements, cut off from the support of strong organizations, is ever the same. Always are they doomed to a hard and ofttimes bitter struggle for life. It is the old experience of the volunteer force as over against the regular, the pioneer missionary as over against the incumbent of the established and wealthy church. All through the history of Warren Street Chapel, as expenses increased, the strain to make the two ends meet was a painful and at times a pitiful one. Mr. Barnard's own immediate family, indeed, his father and brothers, year in, year out, contributed self-denyingly in money and personal service. Still, to meet constantly recurring emergencies, a thousand expedients had to be resorted to, — expedients, however, which, as is so often the case, called out an amount of sacrifice, ingenuity, and hearty coöperation that proved a blessing in the end.

Through his marriage, however, with

Miss Sarah Homes, which took place January 4, 1837, Mr. Barnard was before long to find refuge from a throng of petty cares in eminently happy domestic relations. With Miss Homes he had long been associated in his philanthropic work, and throughout life it was his favored lot to find in her a loving companion to help and cheer him in his toil, as well as a devoted mother of their children.

XII.

NEW WAYS WITH CHILDREN.

In the building of the chapel Mr. Barnard had now achieved the dearest wish of his heart. Free and untrammeled, he could act out his whole nature and embody in positive institutions the dream of his life. What did he mean to do with his opportunity?

The answer to this lies in a series of reports continued for many years, and constituting a little library in themselves. But a series of reports cannot be incorporated into a memoir, nor would they furnish entertaining reading. All that can be done is to gather from them data, wherewith to illustrate the constant aims he kept in view, and the enthusiasm and fidelity with which he and his devoted helpers pursued them. From beginning to end these reports are a confirmation of the statement of Rev. Eber R. Butler — a Warren Street

boy by birthright, and many years later the head of its activities — that "Mr. Barnard's originality colored, and to-day overshadows, his institution."

Chief of all Mr. Barnard's contributions to the work he achieved was the contribution of Charles F. Barnard himself, — the contribution of a grown man sympathetically capable of looking on a child from the child's inside point of view. It is one of the rarest of endowments. Of all the dreary performances one is called on to witness, can a drearier be named than to watch the ponderous infelicity of the attempt of many a speaker — a man, perhaps, of large experience, great knowledge, and really kindly heart — to interest in an address a gathering of children? The first fly that begins to buzz on a window-pane at once captures his entire audience, and rivets attention on something at last felt to be worth listening to. Curiously one asks, was this poor man ever a boy himself, or — as he could not have been a girl — did he ever have a little sister? Did he ever thumb and finger a marble, go skating, catch a bullpout, have a fight, run

races on a beach, witness the burial of a little mate, have a mother who nightly heard him say his prayers? If so, why do not lively recollections of all these put him in touch with the little ones before him, and make him, now on the spot, yearn to enjoy a genuine sympathetic time with them, out of a heart made young once more through all this imagery of fairy-land, while yet a heart deepened by an experience that should enable him helpfully to interpret all for their good?

Alas! the moral improvement mania has taken such overmastering possession of him that before he has resorted to any promising measures toward luring and hooking his little fish, he insists on splitting, smoking, and, so he trusts, eternally preserving him. Never a thought is given to bait of any kind, much less to that live bait which alone will tempt a rise out of the sprightlier kinds of fish.

It was the consciousness of this that made logical, broad-browed Dr. Wayland once say to James Freeman Clarke, that "he regarded it as the greatest possible compliment to his sermon, if a child was

interested in it." No doubt, for the great divine must always have had before his eyes the fear of Goldsmith's hit at ponderous Dr. Johnson, that, should he attempt a fable, he would make the little fishes talk like whales. Upon all which Dr. Clarke wisely comments: "In talking to children, there are two dangers, that of going over their heads and becoming unintelligible, or, in trying to avoid this, of becoming trivial and commonplace. 'Milk for babes,' — yes; but the milk should be good, rich milk, not milk and water. When Jesus thanked God that the things hidden from the wise and prudent had been revealed to babes, he certainly did not refer to anything shallow or anything commonplace. . . . As I remember Charles Barnard in his teachings, this was his method. I see him standing in his chapel, with flowers and busts and pictures around him, holding in his hand some curiosity of nature or art, on which he is giving a religious object lesson to the children. This was a cheerful, happy scene. There was no formality in his discourse; but he talked pleasantly, with references to what he had

seen and heard during the previous week and what had happened in the city."

Now, in the New England of 1836–37, children — especially children of the less-favored classes — were not half as well understood as they are to-day. Just as much as the slaves needed a Garrison to emancipate them from their peculiar shackles, did the boys and girls of the poor need a Barnard to emancipate them from the shackles of too much dry catechism, too much memorizing of Scripture dates, too monotonous a moral diet unrelieved by beauty or poetry. As one looks over the books, religious or secular, prepared in those days for their improvement, one thinks perforce of Howells's description of the ascetic New England farmer family, as they sat drinking the most acrid kind of Japan tea, on the apparent principle that it combined the maximum of stimulus with the minimum of pleasure.

That there was any quicksilver in children's blood, any power hidden in birds or flowers to lend wings to their spirits or breathe fragrance through their souls, any refining or inspiring influence in art to

nurture higher ideals, was, especially in the case of the children of the poor and ignorant, considered something bordering on weak, if not dangerous, sentimentality. Reverence for Scripture, indeed, forbade any application of such disparaging comment to the jubilee outburst of Jesus over the lilies of the field: "Verily I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" No doubt, serious people felt, this was all right enough in the Holy Land, nay, that here was an emotion which might be innocently indulged in even in America, — out-of-doors. But the bare idea of flowers in the church or on the pulpit! Here was something sacrilegious. It took away its sanctity from the sacred desk, and degraded it to the level of the dining-table. It banished the thought of worship, and substituted for it a mere tickling of æsthetic sensibility.

To-day all people smile at this, and wide enough would the little children open their eyes in wonder, if told by their teachers that once roses and lilies and salvias and heliotropes were warned like lepers, out of

the sanctuary, as liable to communicate diseases infectious to piety. Yet just here lies the use of the biographies of pioneers. Charles F. Barnard was the first man in Boston to dare to take the ban off flowers and pronounce them pure and innocent enough, as well as dear enough to the heart of God, to be admitted to the privilege of helping to celebrate the Sunday service. Yes, and he would have the hardihood to hold one of them, a rose or geranium, in his hand, and actually to discourse about it to the children on Sunday, as free from any fear of spiritual contagion as though it were a tract.

Strange as it may seem, it took a great deal of courage to do this at that period. It exposed one to ridicule and was thought namby-pamby. "Another specimen of Barnard's skim-milk for babes!" contemptuously was said of it. Very differently, however, did the children feel. Soon they grew eager to cultivate pots of flowers in their homes, or to collect everything that grew wild, from the first dandelions of spring to the last aster or goldenrod of Fall, — not to speak of great glorified

branches, scarlet, gold, or purple, of autumn leaves, all to lend charm to their chapel. And so, after all, the flowers did really prove contagious. Rapidly, in various quarters, the infection spread; at first breaking out — so as not to cause too much consternation — in inobtrusive little bouquets on various city pulpits, and finally blossoming into the rich floral ovations that to-day voice the Creator's praise in all our churches. Might it not be well now and then, while sharing in the sanctuary the sense of Jesus' rapture over the lilies, to breathe a benediction on the name of the first religious teacher in Boston who had in his own heart enough of the self-same Jesus rapture over the flowers of the field to insist on their being brought in to the church to help all to glorify God?

Again, at the time in which Mr. Barnard began his work in Warren Street Chapel, comparatively little interest was felt in works of art, in the shape of pictures and statues. Pictures and statues, as elements either of education, or of refining and elevating pleasure, were by the majority looked down upon as very much on a level with

flowers, — indeed, on the whole, as a pretty axiomatic gauge of the degree of feeble-mindedness and sickly sentimentality to be looked for in those who made much of them.

There was, it is true, a small and select class of cultivated men and women who felt otherwise, and to them had been due the foundation of the gallery of pictures and of casts from the antique sculptures, in the Boston Athenæum. But by the far larger number of citizens this gallery was severely let alone. The idea that in any way it might prove helpful toward the elevation of the children of the poorer classes would have seemed as absurdly high-flown to most people as a deliberate proposition to lift the standard of the cuisine of the poor by the introduction of terrapins and truffles.

When, therefore, it got noised about that Rev. Charles F. Barnard was in the way of striking up talks with any chance group of idle boys he met on the street, and to end off these talks with an invitation to go with him to the Boston Athenaeum, to see some beautiful pictures and statues,

many an eyebrow was lifted high in derision. The moral pocket-handkerchiefs for Congo negroes, so ridiculed by Dickens, seemed but a mild effusion of sentimentality in comparison with bringing up street waifs on Raphael and Phidias. "By such proceedings Mr. Barnard is forfeiting the respect of sensible people and seriously injuring his influence," was an ejaculation frequently heard in those days. There was a meaning at the time in the phrase "to injure one's influence," — a meaning the depth of which was soon found out, to his own social and financial cost, by anybody who had the courage to speak an honest word on the new criticism of the Bible, or on behalf of the negro slaves. Such an one "injured his influence" by compelling people to set him down as a free thinker or a fanatic; Mr. Barnard, by compelling them to set him down as weak and silly.

None the less, in divine obstinacy Mr. Barnard kept on his ordained way. He meant to introduce pictures and statues into his own little chapel, and teach the children to enjoy the highest creations of the highest minds. His thoughts, how-

ever, went out far beyond this humble spot. In this chapel would he set Boston an object lesson, and, through the beauty and fruit of it, spread a kindred influence over the public schools and the churches of the land. To him everything was religious if seen in God; everything full of the wisdom and love of God. This was the foundation-stone of his creed. To be capable of a rich worship, the mind must live in a rich world. Music was worship of the divine harmony, drawing and painting were worship of the divine beauty, dancing itself was worship of the divine grace and courtesy, the fusion of vulgar egotism with the charm of social unity.

It was the moral greatness of this man that he could believe all this of the especial classes with which he was dealing, and that no amount of rudeness, poverty, or narrow ignorance could dishearten his soul, or damp the fire of his faith that, after the exalted and rapturous image in which Jesus conceived it, he could create a bit of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, right there in humble Warren Street Chapel. Indeed, the people who laughed superiorly

at him would have laughed equally — had not mechanical tradition restrained them — over the whole spirit and imagery of Christ's parable of the prodigal son. For what, in the parable, does the happy father do when he has got back his once dissipated but now penitent son, but rejoicingly to send round for his humble peasant neighbors, and call in the village band, and bid them strike up the music for — God save the mark! — dancing; all to give vent to the jubilee of his heart over a son that "was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found"? Think of the fate of any old-fashioned divine of by-gone days, who — commissioned to submit to his Board a tract on the "Forgiveness of Sin" — should have ventured to indulge in such profane imagery as that, instead of ending off the story with the calling together of a dreary prayer-meeting. Think further of his daring to add insult to injury by appealing to the example of Jesus in warrant of such a proceeding. Would it not have been pronounced "wresting the Scriptures to his own damnation," and would he not have been sternly rebuked for the

demoralizing influence such a tract would exert on the young? Such is it to "have eyes and see not, ears and hear not."

In contrast now with the ridicule showered on certain features of this inauguration of a new spirit in dealing with children, how touching the grateful tribute uttered in retrospect nearly fifty years later by one, Mr. Thomas Hills, who, a Warren Street boy, could, after a long and honorable career in a position of high trust, say of his old teacher that no words could express the debt of gratitude "of those of us who grew up as his children, and who imbibed a love for art from his decorations of the walls of our chapel home and from the works of great masters which he viewed with us; as well as for the beautiful in nature from the flowers he placed constantly before us, and from the open landscape of the country to which he led his children. And when the chill winds checked our outdoor pleasure, the ample rooms of this building were bright with children amused with innocent games and, under careful direction, joining in the graceful dance. How he moved among

us with his grave smile and such a quiet dignity that, even in our play, it seemed as impossible to be rude or boisterous as when he looked down upon us from the pulpit! With what zeal he animated his teachers and their classes, making of all of us a body of helpers! In the long weeks of preparation for the floral procession of each returning Fourth of July, what miles were traveled by parties in search of moss for the baskets that by the thousand were made by patient workers in our upper room! And, as the day drew near, the evening work was added to that of the day, until the night was added to the evening at last."

XIII.

SETTING OBJECT LESSONS.

In the last chapter, exclusive emphasis was laid on a single feature of Mr. Barnard's idea of a religious home for neglected children, and, along with them, of such children as were not neglected except in the sense of being kept on too prosaic and joyless a regimen. This religious home he would make bright and cheery; a scene in which they who had freely received should freely give; in which culture should meet ignorance, and refinement rudeness; in which the youngest and poorest should find opened to them the privilege of service to others.

A glowing ideal, however, is one thing; the making it real under the conditions of our poor humanity quite another. No end of hard, patient work was called for. It had to become "Blessed be drudgery!" with large numbers. And the astonishing

thing in the case of Warren Street Chapel was that so many could be found, cultivated women and men with heavy business responsibilities, to stand by year after year in close and crowded rooms, in the day time and in the evening, working on a mass of humanity that sometimes would meet what was done with gratitude, and sometimes drive the most patient mind to desperation. It is the law of this world that the abnegation of duty on the part of the shiftless, ignorant, and heartless shall be atoned for, not by themselves, but through the extra burdens imposed on the conscientious and loving.

Of course there was the inevitable sewing-school, so commonplace in name, and yet so indispensable a preliminary to the coming of any domestic kingdom of heaven on earth. Great ado is made over the needle that guides the mariner across the deep, or which, where it fails to keep true to the pole, wrecks him on the reef. But it plays for good or for ill a far inferior part in human life — especially in the life of the poor — to that of the needle the little girl learns deftly to use, or grows up igno-

rant of how to ply. Of this Mr. Barnard was clearly convinced, — more and more clearly every day, as he made his rounds through the lower quarters of the city. Therefore, in his first report, he emphasizes the importance of introducing regular instruction in sewing into the public schools, saying that "a salute of cannon ought to be fired on the day on which it should be done." Gunpowder has been wasted on far less worthy objects of congratulation.

"Meanwhile, whatever we can do in this way," he says, "supplies a very serious defect in the system of public instruction. A slight knowledge of the classes for whom it is intended will satisfy any one that *acquaintance with the use of the needle* is fully as important to these girls as *reading and writing*. Their domestic habits and character, in many cases their future innocence and peace, depend upon their acquiring it." Over and over again does Mr. Barnard repeat this conviction. "A man is in rags, — his children are in tatters, — his home is a scene of unthrift and disorder, — and is it surprising that he

seeks other places and companions, or lays hold on any means of oblivion? Will men ever be any better till women are made better, till every girl at every school is better fitted to perform her whole and honorable part as sister, wife, and mother?"

One hundred and twenty girls, under twelve teachers, in time to increase to two hundred and fifty and three hundred, were brought together every Saturday afternoon, and while the work was going on interesting books were read aloud. As a comment on the neglect that might come on this especial branch of secular learning, Mr. Barnard states, "Two of our pupils come from a family that owns *but one needle.*" Still, the actual work accomplished with the girls was as nothing to the general example set. To the excellent results achieved in schools like this and those of the Fraternity of Churches was due the later introduction of sewing into the public schools of the city as an indispensable branch of instruction. The first thing was to give an effective object lesson.

In his rounds among the poor, Mr. Bar-

nard was forcibly struck with the disadvantages, in the way of earning anything, such mothers were at who had infant children to look after. To loan them temporarily to a neighbor was not always easy, while to lock them up in a room while the mother was away at a job of washing was to invite serious danger. So, as a second example of a greatly needed reform, an infant school was opened in one of the basement rooms. "This is intended," Mr. Barnard says in his first report, "for those who are too young for the primary schools. It is carried on rather as a dame's school, or well-regulated nursery, than as a place of formal instruction. We hope that while it presents a safe and pleasant asylum for the little ones each day, it may lengthen the mothers' hours of work and lessen their applications for charitable relief. Its expenses are defrayed in part by the parents, in part by a committee of ladies who have the direction of it, and in part by myself." In these later days, people have grown so accustomed to such institutions as to take them for a matter of course and to think

they must always have existed. They are indeed one of the most touching embodiments of Jesus calling the little children unto himself and laying his hands upon them. But here, as in everything else that is good, an object lesson had first to be given in a very humble way.

In this same opening year of the chapel was it that Mr. Barnard, with the help of several gentlemen, started an evening school twice a week, for boys who were in stores or at work during the day. It began with twenty pupils, who rapidly increased to sixty, and went on to five hundred. "No pains were required to collect them," he says; "they came of their own accord, or at the invitation of those previously admitted." In other words, the movement met a real want. "Our public school system," he later says, "is not sufficiently pliant as yet to adjust itself to particular wants. The existence of the class embraced in our evening school is readily accounted for. Most of the boys are employed during the day in families, offices, stores, or factories. Circumstances compelled them to begin their own sup-

port at an early age, and long before their education was completed. They are in danger of losing the little they have acquired. Some of them have never gone to school. Few of them possess any other means of instruction. What greater benefit can we give them than to afford them an opportunity to attend an evening school? It will at least keep them out of the streets after dark, and thus remove a prolific source of evil in all large towns. It may so far quicken and enlighten their intellect as to secure most important results in after years, both for the individual and the community. It is fearful to think how much talent in each generation is suffered to go to waste, like fertile seed scattered upon the barren ocean. Is it not one of our most sacred duties to prevent this loss? Who can duly estimate the value of a single mind rescued from darkness, or led to the streams of truth and knowledge that have been opened for it by the all-wise Creator?"

Here again Mr. Barnard was the first to set an example of a movement, later taken up also by the Fraternity, that was

destined to exert a wide-reaching influence, and finally to become incorporated into the system of the public schools, with ample funds to carry it on thoroughly. The marked originality of the man who sees with his own eyes, instead of being blindly led by routine, displayed itself in this as in so many other ways. It was his way of translating into vernacular Boston the Palestinian precept, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost!" While to most men of his day the text read but as a kind of Poor Richard's Almanac illustration of the value of economizing the scraps after a feast, — the relation of to-day's crusts of bread to the possible chance of a scant meal for the poor to-morrow, — he saw its living application to the way of providing spiritual food for the educational waifs of humanity, who, by reason of small means, ill health, or personal fault, had been shut out from the original feast of knowledge; nay, saw that these poor waifs themselves were the very fragments to be gathered up, that nothing should be lost.

With ladies for teachers, a similar school was now started, on Wednesday and Sat-

urday afternoons, for girls at service in families or at work in factories, — "a class equally in need with our boys of the elements of instruction." The response at first was large, but it was found difficult to appoint hours for the purpose that would not interfere with their hours of work. The attendance accordingly diminished, though still remaining sufficient to warrant carrying on the school.

Still another project very near to Mr. Barnard's heart as a means of education was the establishment of a cabinet of natural history. No man felt more strongly the importance of opening children's eyes in admiration and wonder to the manifold richness of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms of the earth they live on. For the lack of any stimulus to this, of how many children — particularly poor children in a city — does it hold true that a primrose is to them a yellow primrose, nothing more. The eye gets no training. A stone remains merely a stone, whether of quartz, slate, marble, iron ore, or native copper. A tree remains merely a tree, whether of oak, beach, maple, or birch. A

fish remains merely a fish, oblivious of all family divisions into cod, haddock, smelts, or lowly sculpins.

Now, Mr. Barnard had too eager an eye to entertain much respect for a Creative Power that should have been content with ushering into existence such barren abstractions as stone, tree, and animal. They would have proved tediously monotonous. The mind would have exhausted the divine resources at a glance. Neither did he believe it possible to rise to any enthusiastic worship of the Creative Power except through the contemplation of an infinite variety and richness of types that should call out the outcry, "Oh, the depths and the heights both of the knowledge and the wisdom of God!" But to awaken such feeling, the types must be before the eye. Then talks must be given about them, and the delight of the teacher must be imparted to the child.

This, too, — the cabinet of natural history, — was ridiculed at first as one of "Barnard's fads." No salvation for poor children, he thinks, but in making mineralogists, botanists, and physiologists out of

them! In reality, no thought was farther from his mind. He was neither one of these himself, but he was a far happier man, and dwelt in a much more marvelous world, for the little he knew about such things. Why should the children of the poor be shut out of their rich inheritance and doomed to live in a narrow, monotonous, colorless world? A taste for beetles and butterflies has saved many a man from a taste for alcohol. Get a child interested in making a collection of such objects, and he is just so much farther on the road to the kingdom.

Many were the letters, full of grateful thanks for what the little cabinet had done to enrich the world to them, which Mr. Barnard later on received from men and women in various walks in life. Such cabinets are in all our public schools today; but in those days they were not. This was another of the Warren Street Chapel object lessons. At that date abstractions were believed in far more than the open book of nature. Slate and marble, oak and maple, eagle and wren, were taken to have been made, to afford the

basis for a magnificent generalization of all their impertinent varieties into mineral, vegetable, and animal. This mastered by the child, he had the whole thing "in a nutshell," while "counting himself king of infinite space."

Already, in his very first report, was Mr. Barnard exercised over another question, that of opening to all a free library and a free reading-room, and nothing prevented his establishing these, on however limited a scale at the outset, but the beggarly expenses of fire and light. So much he saw that he wanted to do, and which ought to be done, but that alas! his hands were tied. Later on, these objects were accomplished, and "he opened a large, free public library in the chapel, which, until the foundation of the City Public Library, was widely useful." What a need this evinced of pioneers who could forecast the future and at least plant the seed for a coming harvest! In truth, almost all the wants that are now so amply provided for in the Young Men's Christian Associations of the day were anticipated and met with cordial furtherance through

the philanthropic foresight of this one man.

Finally, the influence for good of music was a subject of which, from the outset, Mr. Barnard was one of the most ardent advocates. Of course, there was music in all churches and all Sunday-schools in those times, but of its power as a daily exercise in the public schools in the way of inspiring and elevating childhood, no adequate sense was felt in the community.

Here again the same spirit of practical contempt that has been spoken of with regard to flowers and works of beauty in art held sway. All these were no doubt very pretty, very romantic even, but arithmetic and grammar were solid realities, while the others were only airy dreams. Of the powerful stimulus that lies in song to the sentiments of patriotism and worship, little was comprehended. The old Greek saying, "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws," would have found but feeble echo. Further, of the foundation idea of all music in concert, that it means the rever-

ential subordination of egotism and vulgar self-assertion to a higher divine harmony, there was small appreciation. And yet the trained orchestra is the loftiest symbol so far vouchsafed to man of what church and state might be, were they pervaded by a like spirit. No schismatic, no demagogue, is for a moment tolerated in the orchestra, — no one, in fine, who does not sink his private individuality in the general whole, who does not lose his life to find it. All for the greater glory of Beethoven, Händel, Mozart, — the divine masters before whom, for the hour, every knee shall bow!

To-day, in our public schools, it is a delight to every visitor to listen to the singing of hymns, patriotic songs, and chants in the praise of nature. The most beautiful compositions of music are married to the most inspiring selections of poetry. But in those days silence reigned instead. Even in his first report, Mr. Barnard called attention to this. "We regret," he said, "that, both for its intellectual and moral advantages, singing has not been introduced into the public schools of the city.

We have reason to hope that it will not long continue to be thus overlooked. In the mean time, we are happy to do all we can to recommend and extend its practice."

Fortunately, here as in his other undertakings, Mr. Barnard had at command a high order of ability in his volunteer assistants. Notably under Mr. Ezra Weston, the musical training of the boys and girls was indefatigably carried on for years, and wherever, even among the poorest, any special gift of voice or ear was noted, kind friends were at hand to secure for its possessor the best advantages of musical education then possible. In this "gathering up of the fragments, that nothing be lost," more than one of Boston's famous singers, who in after years held all ears spellbound in the rendering of Händel's "Messiah" at Christmas, was discovered and helped on to a career.

Here, then, from the very start was sketched out for little Warren Street Chapel, and set in operation, a large programme. It certainly shows that Mr. Barnard's idea of a church was not that of

a building open for stated service twice every Sunday and then closed for a week, but that of a building which should be a bee-hive of religious and humanitarian activities, humming with life and storing up honey all the time.

XIV.

"THE DANCING PARSON."

NOTWITHSTANDING the incessant strain of work his various enterprises entailed on Mr. Barnard, work of so exhausting a kind that it ought to have made clear the essential seriousness and self-denial of his character, — none the less, during the first ten years of his ministry, he continued to be the subject of virulent attacks in the religious, and sometimes in the public, press, on the score of being a profane trifler and a patron of pernicious amusement. These attacks emanated from persons no doubt conscientious in their views, but ignorant and bigoted to a degree.

Truly, it would be laughable, were it not so disheartening, to see how monotonously each new generation repeats the precise phases of narrowness and rancor of the Judean generation that lived two thousand years ago. Just as the Master he so dearly

loved was characterized by ascetic religionists as a "gluttonous man and a wine-bibber," so Mr. Barnard, too, was dubbed by their lineal apostolic successors of his own day the "dancing parson." If only there had been a returning ark of the covenant to dance before, after the very public manner of King David, his procedure might have been upheld as strictly canonical; but as, profanely and with no fear of God before his eyes, he substituted, instead of rough-and-tumble games of bull-in-the-ring and of promiscuous kissing for forfeits, so immoral a practice as orderly and graceful dancing, — to him the best of schools in courtesy and refinement, — he was set down as a dangerous character. At all this, the "dancing parson," one of the gravest of men in his demeanor, laughed his hearty laugh and went his way.

None the less, the epithet stuck, and created prejudices against him among people who ought to have known better. Very curious is it, accordingly, to look over files of the newspapers of those days, and to read the comments, pro and con, that were indulged in over the new meth-

ods. The one which follows, though written somewhat later for the "Boston Transcript," and by a manifest upholder of Mr. Barnard's ways, will give a good idea of the feelings enlisted.

"In a lonely street of our city two women met, the one a charitable person of the olden school of doing good, and extremely intolerant of all new systems. Every attempt at amelioration of the condition of the poor, connected with enjoyment, she stoutly resisted, treating the projectors as romanticists and visionaries. Moreover, being sufficiently eloquent, she defended her narrow doctrines in a powerful way. . . . The other woman believed that our Heavenly Father permits the sun to shine on all alike, and that those whose unhappy destiny obliges them to vegetate in dark and squalid dens, which cannot be called homes, should be brought forth to bask in its blessed rays.

"The latter, carrying in her hands a pot of tea-roses, was abruptly addressed by the former in the following words: —

"'Where are you going to with that rosebush?'

"'I have bought it for a friendless, bedridden sufferer and am taking it to her,' was the reply.

"'Nonsense, what do poor people care for flowers? Give them bread!'

"'That has already been abundantly supplied.'

"'Then sufficient has been done. I sicken of all these new-fangled projects. There is your bepraised Mr. Barnard, turning the heads of all the poor people, inviting them to drive about in his carriage daily: what will happen next?'

"'Do you know who are the occupants of Mr. Barnard's carriage?'

"'Not exactly, but I know he does no positive good. I do not approve of the Warren Street Chapel, and never shall, but shall say no more to one of its decided partisans.'

"'No partisan; simply a heartfelt believer in this charity.'

"And they parted, Mr. Barnard's opponent sailing away majestically, and evidently rejoicing that she had administered a salutary rebuke to her silly acquaintance; its recipient proceeding on her way

nowise disturbed or deterred from the prosecution of her object. She reached her destination. On the bed lay a young woman dying of consumption. Hardly offering the customary greeting to her ever-welcome visitor, she exclaimed, 'Oh! that blessed rosebush, how very kind, how very kind! give it to me to kiss!' and kiss it she did rapturously. As she was entirely dependent upon her poor neighbors for the little care they could bestow upon her, it was truly her only companion during the daylight; and in the solitary hours of the night, when lying restless and wakeful, she hung over her idolized flower, and blessing the donor, unconsciously reënacted the charming story of 'Picciola.'"

So long as, in the street dialogue just quoted, contemptuous allusion was made to Mr. Barnard's "turning the heads of the poor by inviting them to drive about in his carriage daily," it may be well here to call up a picture of the "leathern conveniency," — the public nickname conferred on this especial carriage, — which was supposed to be setting so reprehensible an example. Who first christened it "the

leathern conveniency," tradition does not report, but it was for years a familiar object on the streets of Boston and throughout the surrounding country. In reality it was a very plain carryall, covered, top and sides, with leather curtains, to be rolled up when it was fair and let down when it was rainy, and drawn by a sober-minded and extremely moderate horse, apparently under a strong sense of moral responsibility that it was his mission in life to carry a class of people so full of aches and pains that it would be cruelty to jolt them. The especial turnout was a gift to Mr. Barnard from his father.

Fortunately there remains a description of this carryall, and of its ways of going on among the poor, a considerable portion of which, though written years later from vivid memory, may fitly be quoted here. It was from the pen of Mrs. L. Bennett, in her earlier days a member of Mr. Barnard's flock, and in later life one of his stanchest helpers and most loving admirers.

Before, however, giving the extract from Mrs. Bennett, this seems the most natural place in which to record the inci-

dent that upon one occasion, on a rainy day, the "leathern conveniency," its curtains down and its usual freight inside, came into such violent collision with the carriage of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes that the whole top was knocked off it and the peculiar quality of its human contents displayed. No sooner had the witty doctor taken in at a glance that no personal injury had been done than he cried out to his classmate, "Barnard, there 's no use in trying to hide your light under a bushel! Is it not written, 'There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed'?" But to return to Mrs. Bennett.

"Fanny Fern once regretted that there were no children's ministers. Where could she have been all her days not to know and admire our children's minister? . . . The lover, helper, and friend of our childhood! The revered and God-given friend of our maturer years!

"There are few people in Boston who have not seen our minister in his daily rides through the streets. His 'leathern conveniency' is always full of the sick and sorrowful children of God, who are thus

enabled to leave their darkened homes for a little time, and bathe in the glad sunshine, and taste God's free air, to have their minds directed from unhappy meditations and cankering cares, and, in the cheerful society of the children's minister and in the busy scenes before them, to forget for a while their sorrow and pain. Our children's minister forgets not the 'old folks,' — but here goes his carriage, and we will follow and overtake it.

"We get a friendly smile and cheery word, and while old Charley jogs leisurely along, we count his passengers, one, two, three, four, and our minister to drive! An old, old lady, full of aches and pains, — a younger woman on her way to the hospital to visit her sick parent, — a fair and delicate young girl, upon whom the winds must not blow too roughly nor the sun shine too fiercely, lest she should faint by the way, — a little fatherless child, whom her often scant allowance of food and the stifled atmosphere of the narrow city have made feeble and joyless.

"Jog along, Charley, lazy old fellow! You have got no farther than the Public

Garden, and now you stand quite still, while your master points out the grand display of good old-fashioned hollyhocks that nod at us over the fence. 'And look again,' he says, 'at that beautiful patch of petunias!' And the old lady and the younger, and the maiden and the child, look gladly upon so fair a sight, and the old lady says she 'remembers when that garden was all water,' and so does the minister, and the young girl looks incredulous and wonders if the old lady is a relative of Methuselah.

"But here we are at the hospital gate. Through a large room, with its many clean beds, we walk, and many an aching head turns wearily on its pillow, and many a dim and heavy eye recognizes the manly form and gracious presence of our minister; but most of all and best of all a little waxen-looking creature springs forward to greet the friend he knew in happier days. Poor, motherless little Johnny, with his old young face, presses one thin, small hand against his throbbing heart and aching side as, half-encircled by the kind arms of his minister, he looks into the good

face so near his own, and tells him 'where he is sick.' 'And would you not like to take a ride, Johnny?' asks the sick child's friend; and Johnny gladly consenting, kind friends soon make him ready, and he is borne away to the carriage in the arms of his minister, his eyes beaming with delight. For a good half hour or more, little Johnny, whose feet long since commenced their heaven journey, enjoys the fragrant summer air, and most of all the society of his minister and friend.

"The minister bids Johnny a kind good-by, and tells him he will soon come again and take him out if he is able to go, but the child, who in his hospital life has come to regard death as something more than a mere possibility, shakes his wise little head while his eyes linger lovingly upon the dear face of his friend, and says, 'Perhaps I shall be dead when you come again!'

"Back again into the carriage, and the old lady shakes her head and says, 'That little boy won't live long, so wise and good, just like a little man.' And they talk

softly about him, as though he slept and they were afraid of waking him. They reach their homes, and old and young forget not to thank God for their children's minister."

As one reads such an eye-witness account as this, he is struck with the thought of how little most people comprehend what a rare privilege it must be to be able to keep a carriage. In the various capitals of Europe, the tourist willingly pays his shilling to be admitted into the royal stables, where are carefully preserved the magnificently carved and gilded coaches in which George the Third drove to his coronation as King in Westminster Abbey, or Napoleon to his as Emperor in Notre Dame, or Pius Ninth to his as Pope in St. Peter's. But if the standard of the New Testament be the true one, who would be surprised to learn that among the relics treasured in the museums of the Ideal Kingdom, that humble "leathern conveniency," with the stuffed skin of old Charley still in the shafts, shines with far more resplendent lustre; nay further, to learn

that even old Charley himself — in what Swedenborg calls his abiding interior — has been translated to a realm where he is forever welcome to lie down in the green pastures of the equine paradise!

XV.

THOMAS STARR KING AND ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

In the attempt to portray the spirit and character of Charles F. Barnard, and to tell the story of the variety and persistence of the humane work steadily going on in Warren Street Chapel, it is very difficult not to seem to over-emphasize the more festive side of the enterprise. What is there, indeed, that can be described at any length in such patient, self-denying, severely taxing work as, for example, in the evening schools, went on year in, year out? It meant, none the less, on the part of cultivated men and women, willingness to deny themselves the comfort and repose of home, and of many a social, literary, and artistic pleasure congenial to their tastes; willingness to teach in hot, crowded, ill-smelling rooms the very first elements of knowledge; willingness to come in con-

tact with a press of forlorn and neglected Irish, Swedes, Danes, Germans, French, with often but a little broken English at command, and with minds of the feeblest and most untrained grasp; and then patiently and lovingly to help them to overcome the terrible disadvantages under which they labored in the struggle of life.

The whole system, moreover, was carried on under the pressure of a high ideal. Never was the aim lost sight of that the higher nature was at stake. To instill some elementary acquaintance with the history and institutions of our country; to awaken feelings of patriotism and the sense of the personal responsibility of every citizen; to enlarge the mental, moral, and religious horizon of minds so contracted; to be quick to see and encourage any special aptitude, and to point out the means by which it might be developed, — all this involved something very different from mere perfunctory work.

Just here lay the special value of the system. No such priceless advantage can fall to the lot of a maimed and stunted mind — which has, none the less, some

unsuspected talent latent in it — as contact with superior people who can reveal to its possessor its real significance and show him what it may grow to. There can be no such education as this, for it has all the potency of taking a starveling plant out of the arid sand and setting it in a generous soil.

But this is education of the costliest kind, so far as the as yet too selfish development of the more favored classes goes. Only the rarest natures are capable of the sacrifice involved in imparting it. Yet this costly education was the only one in which Mr. Barnard believed. He saw no possible coming of Jesus' kingdom of God on earth apart from the law, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and that "The greatest of all is he who is servant of all." What society was suffering most from seemed to him, not from the poverty and niggardliness of nature itself, but from the utter inadequacy of the means of effective distribution, — distribution not of pecuniary wealth alone, but distribution of the stored-up wealth of love, culture, social charm, beauty, knowledge,

health, high aim in life. To what purpose that any given man or woman had become a reservoir of refreshing water of life, unless that, connected with it and branching out from it, in varied ramifications, — as with a vast city reservoir, — was a great system of iron arteries, veins, and capillaries, through which the vitalizing stream should be made to pour itself into a thousand homes, there to refresh the thirsty, cool the lips of the fever-stricken, and cleanse and purify the foul. To live and act as such conduit pipe, even the tiniest, seemed to him such joy. Why should not all feel it!

Later on, especial mention will be made of some of the men and women who, in spite of heavy business or household cares, for years experienced vital joy in making themselves a part in this system of living distribution; and no stronger proof of the magnetic quality inherent in Mr. Barnard need be adduced than the numbers of them he permanently attached to the chapel, and the number he on special occasions was able to call in from outside. Are you a florist, a painter, a naturalist, a machinist, an his-

torian, a singer? — are you called Agassiz, Parkman, Edward Everett, Starr King, John Quincy Adams? — then, in God's name, come and talk to our Warren Street children! It will do you and do us a world of good. It will enable you with your capacious reservoirs to share the function of serving as great mains or humbler branch pipes in the divine work of distributing the wealth of God's universe. How heartily Agassiz responded to this call, and how his great, loving face glowed with joy on more than one occasion as he addressed the children, and greeted in Mr. Barnard a living exemplification of the genial, exuberant kind of religion he believed in himself!

This, then, in its immense hospitality toward the less favored, was, after all, the greatest of the object lessons Warren Street Chapel set the city of Boston, and this was it that led George S. Hillard jestingly to say to Mr. Barnard, "You have made the chapel a university."

When, in 1836, Mr. Barnard began, under many a protest and many a sneer at its weakly sentimentality, his own especial

work, he said, "Give me five years, and then judge for yourselves!" He knew himself, and he knew the men and women behind him. How far, then, he ultimately succeeded in carrying the judgment and winning the admiring love of the foremost people in the community is surely worthy of record in any memoir of the man. Of the hundreds of public testimonials to the value of his work, limitations of space forbid more than the citation of a few. Perhaps no better selection can be made than from the tributes of two men, standing so high in religious and in civic rank, and yet of such contrasted temperaments, as Thomas Starr King and Robert C. Winthrop. Both spoke on the same public occasion, April 27, 1851, fifteen years after the founding of the chapel.

Between Thomas Starr King and Charles F. Barnard there had existed for years the most cordial friendship. Each had so much of "the eternal child" in his temperament, each in him such a wellspring of joy in the divine unity of truth and beauty, as to make it inevitable that two such natures should take lovingly to one another.

Mr. King's church always stood loyally and helpfully by the chapel, and again and again was he glad to bear in public his hearty testimony in its favor. On the occasion, then, of April 27, 1851, he spoke thus: —

"The question of absorbing interest to society itself is this, How shall the church, which contains the regenerative elements of truth, be brought from its serene and comfortable elevation into redeeming contact with the lanes, the alleys, and the cellars of the world, with the Pariah caste in our modern cities and towns, with the uncivilized elements of our civilization, with the wide chaos of irresponsible and neglected vice that lies outside our order and threatens to engulf it? The question is, Shall our light encroach upon the shadows and dispel them, or shall the shadows close in upon and absorb the light? . . .

"I remember hearing, a year or two since, the remark of one of our city missionaries, that we need very much in Boston a bridge from Beacon Street to Broad Street! This statement is a fine symbol of our general social need. We want some

passage, some bridge, some conductors — and we must have them — between our Christian light, means, and energies, and the wide wastes of physical and moral destitution. . . .

"We know what the plan of Christian philanthropy, so far as it has been directed to the perishing classes, has hitherto been. As a general thing it has been, the chief *hope* has been, to save a few out of the thousands that are suffered to drift steadily to ruin. But plainly our aim and work should be to *buttress* first. Christ said, 'Feed my lambs!' . . .

"We rejoice, Mr. Chairman, that this chapel has been founded on the latter, wiser, and more Christian plan. It seeks to help to prevent from falling, to fortify, to train, to furnish conservative elements, through intellectual and Christian culture, that shall hold the soul safe amid its peculiar trials. It is our privilege to come here, not to discuss methods, not to speculate and devise plans, but to celebrate a fact. This Warren Street Chapel is an institution and a fact, — an eloquent and efficient fact. As was fitly and poetically

said by one of the speakers in this place a year ago, 'It is an island of fire in an ocean of ice.' . . .

"If, sir, a traveler had gone, eighteen hundred years ago, to Corinth in Greece, or to Ephesus in Asia Minor, he would have seen splendid temples, gorgeous palaces, great theatres, temples of justice, and palaces of art. But if he had a poetic or a prophetic eye, he would have seen that the most important and glorious edifice of all was the humble abode where a Jew, named Paul, worked daily and nightly through the week as a tent-maker, to earn a support that would enable him to preach the Gospel without charge to the poor believers that gathered to hear him on the Sabbath. And in Rome, thirty years after the crucifixion, the house where Paul was guarded was the centre of a greater glory and of greater power than dwelt in the emperor's palace and the senate hall. For, from that lowly roof was steadily going forth the energy of a truth, unknown to Nero, his consuls, and his court, which would save human civilization from the blight of heathenism and the corruption

of the capital, which would be the only remaining force to sustain society when the Cæsars' throne and all the witnesses of that imperial grandeur should be swept away. . . .

"In this city, too, we have great buildings, buildings that represent great forces and great ideas: the proud temple of law that crowns the summit of our highest hill; the halls of commerce that testify to our industrial prosperity; the libraries that bear witness to our taste and culture; the churches that enfold our stated and orderly worship. But among them all, none is nobler, none is grander, none is doing such a work for society, civilization, and Christ, as this humble chapel in which we are gathered, that lifts no spire and makes no pretension in the landscape of the city. It is dearer, I have no doubt, to the heart of the Redeemer than the most costly church that has been reared in our streets. . . . For one, I resolve, Mr. Chairman, to do more for it than I have done heretofore, and I hope we shall all make that resolution."

It was on the same occasion, the even-

ing of April 27, 1851, that Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, a classmate at Harvard of Mr. Barnard, followed Mr. King in an address, a part of which is here quoted: —

"I need not assure you that I have listened with the deepest interest to the account which the report has given of the progress and prospects of this institution. No man, indeed, who has a heart within his bosom — a heart either for the welfare of man or for the glory of God — could have listened to that account without emotions deeper than he could readily find words to express. For myself, certainly, I know of few things better calculated to touch and thrill the inmost susceptibilities of a Christian soul than the precise pictures presented to us in this paper; the picture of so many young children, rescued from the snares of ignorance, idleness, and vice; snatched, many of them, as brands from the burning, and trained up to habits of industry, to the love of truth, to the practice of virtue, to the knowledge and praise of God. And I may be permitted to add, that I know of no person who has secured for himself a prouder or more

enviable distinction than one who, having drawn such a picture with fidelity, and having gracefully and modestly held it up to the public view, can say with truth, 'There are the fruits of my labors; this is the account of my stewardship.'

"It is now, I think, not far from a quarter of a century since your secretary and myself, with at least one other of those whom I have seen at my side this evening, having finished our collegiate course, left the walls of the neighboring University together. We had many classmates and common friends, who were soon scattered along the various paths of life and in various parts of the country. Some of them, indeed, of the richest promise, were struck down at the very threshold of their career, and others of them have since fallen in more advanced stages of manhood; but the greater part have remained to this day, and not a few have reached high degrees of preferment in social, literary, or political life. I hazard nothing, however, in saying that there is not one of them who could have been present here this evening and listened to the account which my friend

has given of the work to which he has so successfully devoted himself, without feeling the comparative worthlessness of his own pursuits, or without uniting with me in admitting that while so many of us have been careful and cumbered about many things, our brother has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from him. . . .

"I think it was related of an old philosopher that, on going into a schoolhouse and seeing a band of ill-mannered and ill-behaved boys, instead of finding fault with the boys themselves, he inflicted a severe chastisement upon the master. This was rather a rough proceeding for a philosopher, but it was a forcible illustration of a true principle. If the boys in our land are ill-mannered and ill-behaved, it is the fault of their parents and teachers. It was only this very afternoon that the services of the sanctuary which I attended were disturbed by the crash of a window, broken undoubtedly by one of those truant and troublesome boys which the secretary has mentioned in his report. My first feeling at this incident was one of indignation at the

act of the boy, and of a wish that he might be caught and punished; but my second sober thought was one of pity for the boy, and of regret, I had almost said indignation, that there were not more of these Warren Street Chapels in our city, into which boys of this character might be brought, and where they might be trained up under the magical influence of brother Barnard, or others like him, to be devout worshipers within the temple, instead of rude rioters without."

It was an often repeated saying of Theodore Parker, "I don't believe a bit in waiting till a good man or a bad man is dead, before saying a word in his praise or condemnation. I mean to speak right out in meeting when I see one of them before me! The good man needs the hearty flesh and blood congratulations of his fellows as he goes along." On more than one public occasion Parker acted on this conviction with startling effect; as when, for example, at the funeral service of Calvin Whiting, after saying, "I have seen many of the philanthropists of this country and of Europe, and I never saw one in

whom philanthropy bore so large a proportion to the whole nature as in him," he suddenly turned round and added: "Now that he has ceased to be mortal, I know of only one other man whom the needy of the city would miss so much, and he sits *here* [pointing straight at Charles F. Barnard]. One was the right hand, the other the left, — and I know not which was the stronger."

Still later on, in a sermon on the power of education and of the strength of the influence exerted by the circumstances in which the soul is placed, Theodore Parker again bore a like testimony: "The cradle is the place where we should start to move the world, and education is the Archimedes for that universal lift. Take a single example! Look at the history of Warren Street Chapel in this town, for the past five and twenty years. . . . How many hundreds, how many thousands, are now honorable, noble, heavenly minded men and women, simply because they were transferred from the cold, bleak atmosphere of the street, where temptation lay in wait to destroy them, and set in this greenhouse of souls, where they ripened and blossomed into fragrant flowers!"

XVI.

THE FLORAL PROCESSIONS.

As the work of Warren Street Chapel went on year by year, its leader and his zealous helpers were cheered to the soul at seeing idea after idea they had first originated and then faithfully illustrated, taken up by the public at large. This held good, as already has been stated, of singing in the public schools, of the teaching of sewing, of the children's civic festivals in Music Hall, of the later incorporation of schools of art and design into the system of public instruction, and of the inauguration at the city expense of evening schools for those who had enjoyed no early opportunities.

Out of this last humane enterprise of Mr. Barnard was it further that grew, as direct result, the praiseworthy action taken by the Old South Church in building and equipping Chambers Street Chapel, where,

with the wealth at the command of so rich a corporation, it became possible to carry on operations upon a scale to which the limited resources of Warren Street could make no pretension. Yet in after years, during the civil war, Rev. J. M. Manning gratefully wrote home from Camp Rogers, near Newbern, N. C.: "May Chambers Street Chapel long stand a testimony that the funds of the Old South Society have been wisely, nobly, and disinterestedly expended; and may its friends never forget their indebtedness to the Rev. Mr. Barnard of Warren Street Chapel, whose excellent institution first suggested the idea of a similar charity in the west part of the city."

Heartily as Mr. Barnard rejoiced over the abundant means at the disposal of the Old South in carrying out a work so dear to his own heart, he could not but at times reflect with pain on the pecuniary hindrances that had so sorely beset him throughout his long career. His was the fate of most pioneers. Still, something pathetic is there in the words with which, in his old age, he gave expression to this

feeling in the columns of the "Christian Register:" "In truth, we share, in our sense of satisfaction and entire approval at least, in the whole pecuniary prospects of Chambers Street. The embarrassments, debts, and deficiencies of more than thirty-two years in the field occur to us with force and chastened delight as we observe the different and better fortune of our noble compeer. Have we not been struggling on in the hope that, sooner or later, the undertaking would justify any expenditure in its behalf? . . . We know of no martyrdom to compare with that which waits upon the sight of human suffering without adequate and perpetual means in one's hands for its relief. . . . The Old South is rich, to be sure. So are other churches, other communities that we might name."

One other enterprise in which Chambers Street Chapel freely acknowledged its debt of obligation to the initiative set by Warren Street was that of carrying on vacation schools, for a part of each day, during the summer intermission of the public schools. At first sight it might appear a

contradiction that such a lover of freedom and joy for children as Mr. Barnard should have the heart to shut up poor little creatures in schoolrooms during the torrid heats of an American summer. Neither would it be a matter for grave reprehension if even a New England volunteer conscience should finally feel it the last straw on the overladen camel's back, and go out on a moral strike, when summoned, after the long strain of the winter, to reënlist for the dogdays in such trying service as this. But even here Mr. Barnard found willing and steadfast helpers. Clearly enough he distinguished that, priceless as long vacations are for children who can be by the seashore or in the country, and who there are carefully looked after and provided with innocent recreation, none the less these same vacations are to the children of the poor, free to roam at will through the city streets, an exposure to the worst temptations, as well as a source of largely increased care and anxiety to their parents. Attracted for half the day into a school where they are surrounded with good influences, exercised only in slight

tasks, and at intervals pleasantly amused, they really enjoy the vacation far better, while sensible relief is extended to their fathers and mothers.

As far back as the year 1842, a charming sight was to be witnessed on the Fourth of July on Boston Common, in the shape of tables profusely loaded with flowers and attended by pretty little white-robed girls with floral wreaths on their heads, and by courteous little boys,— not so pretty, perhaps, but attired in the same festal way, and making up in cordial smiles what they lacked in beauty. These were Warren Street Chapel children, who had already made alliances with the children of a large number of Sunday-schools in the country to send them from all quarters contributions of flowers, to be sold for the benefit of the institution. Out of this germ grew what for many years was one of the most characteristic features, — as truly by far the most beautiful, — of the celebrations of the Fourth of July in Boston, — the Floral Processions.

If there has been any one thing that at times has disposed even the most patriotic

Americans to regret the Declaration of Independence and to deplore the severance of the ties that once bound us to the mother country, it has lain in the noisy vulgarity with which the glories of the Fourth of July have ordinarily been commemorated. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." The day, alike in present actuality, in gloomy retrospect, and in boding anticipation, had long been made a terror, not to the British who three thousand miles away were out of sound of the banging of cannon, the clang of cracked bells, the ceaseless sputter and fusillade of fire-crackers, but to the lineal descendants of Adams and Jefferson and Prescott and Warren, and all their compeers who shed their blood or their speeches for what they innocently believed would entail blessing on their posterity. Now, against fire-crackers exploded in due moderation,— indeed, with this proviso, they shared the approbation even of so sober and well-regulated a mind as that of Confucius in China,— nothing of course can fairly be objected. But ah, in their Fourth of July immoderation, what wear and tear of nerves they entail before nightfall!

Why can we not have ways of celebrating the day that are beautiful in themselves, artistic and refining in their influence? This was Mr. Barnard's constant thought. What so beautiful after all as troops of children with wreaths and garlands and banners, the one of whom shall personate Flora, and another Ceres, and another Pomona? What so happy a way of their spending the day as to gather them in a beautiful garden, where selected bands of them may charm all on-lookers with graceful floral dances, and where sports in the way of swinging and archery shall be free to all?

Under the impulse of this idea was it that the initial sale of flowers on the Common grew rapidly into those floral processions of the Warren Street children that for years attracted into the city crowds of delighted spectators. These processions furnished to the rather prosaic Boston of their day an entirely novel spectacle; an object lesson at once artistic, and yet voicing a loving plea for beauty and joy as the rightful atmosphere of childhood, such as carried with it its own irresistible evidence.

The hundreds and hundreds of happy children wreathed with flowers and bearing flowers; the charming variety of the characters personated; the moss-covered, flower-starred cars on which some were reclining while others stood waving pretty banners; the songs and choruses with which the air rang as they marched along; the graceful dances engaged in when they reached the inclosure which now constitutes the Public Garden, and afterwards the sale of flowers and ices at the hands of charming little fairies, — was not this after all something quite as patriotic, quite as refining and elevating, as the perpetual banging of fire-crackers? At any rate, thousands were converted to the faith that it was.

Now as at last, anniversary after anniversary, Mr. Barnard stood in the midst of this scene of beauty, receiving delighted congratulations on every side, the "dancing parson," as he had once been contemptuously styled, enjoyed his poetic revenge. "If you ask for the only revenge I crave, look around you!" would have been no idle travesty of Sir Christopher Wren's

memorial in St. Paul's. Yet all along had Mr. Barnard been encouraged by many of the wisest and most humane of Boston's citizens, of one of whom he gratefully recorded: "Hon. Theodore Lyman never met me, for years before his death, without a word of faith and encouragement in relation to entertainments for the young. 'We have land, enterprise, industry, wealth, everything in America,' he would say; 'all we want is more happiness. Our intelligence and virtue might be made to grow under the proper pursuit of happiness.'" Was there, then, anything but justifiable exultation in the exclamation with which, in one of his reports, Mr. Barnard broke out? — "Was it a boy's vain dream, a young man's idle fancy, when the preaching of Channing, the influence of Ware, the example of Tuckerman filled me beforehand with the idea, the yearnings, the hope of all this? Have I walked more than half my days in a cloud? I speak openly. Personal questions are out of sight. We are but the tools and servants of a higher power. Circumstances evolve, and, controlled by Heaven alone, support, attend, and crown the end."

Of course the work entailed, in the preparations for these floral processions of seven or eight hundred children, upon the teachers and friends of the chapel was enormous. Volunteers by scores had to be called for from other religious societies. For weeks, moreover, before the appointed day, the children themselves were scouring the surrounding country for mosses and evergreens, while, later on, enormous contributions of flowers came pouring in from their little mates in out-of-town parishes, all heartily enlisted in the resolve that the church "of the children, for the children, and by the children, should not perish from the earth."

To sustain the originality and charm of the spectacle, fresh features of interest and beauty had yearly to be added. So strong, however, was the hold the exhibition had taken on the public mind that at last the city government — in this final instance as in so many another, with regard to ideas originated in the chapel — stepped in with a proposition that, while remaining still under the same control, the festival should be raised to the rank of a civic one, due

municipal appropriations being voted. The invitation was promptly accepted. Mr. Barnard and his teachers took the Public Garden; a mammoth tent, with a flooring capable of accommodating 1,000 children while dancing, was set up; the Germania Orchestra was engaged for the music; swings, grace-hoops, and merry-go-rounds were freely provided; twelve of the chapel children at different hours performed the "French Peasants' Dance;" while some 30,000 tickets were distributed among the pupils of the public schools in Boston and the adjoining towns. By the date of 1858, it is estimated that at least 60,000 persons were present at the festival.

It had now become clear that the intended lesson had been sufficiently set, — the lesson of substituting beautiful and refining ways of celebrating the Fourth of July for the old rude and barbaric ones. Beginning in an unobtrusive way, the movement had finally swollen to such proportions as to be beyond the organizing capacity of the little band of devoted men and women who had for many years given their time and strength to it. The floral

processions were accordingly abandoned by them; thenceforth surviving in the Music Hall and similar festivities for children, conducted under the auspices of a thoroughly converted city government.

In describing these floral processions, allusion more than once has been made to the Boston Public Garden, where the children were assembled. An entirely wrong impression would be left, however, did this reference call up before the mind's eye the beautiful park of to-day with its blaze of tulips and fragrance of hyacinths, its graceful trees and wealth of flowering shrubs, its lake and swan-boats laden with merry children. When first Mr. Barnard set eye on the spot as a convenient place for the rendezvous of his boys and girls, it was a rude, unfenced, unplanted stretch of half marsh-land, the property of the city, but already surveyed and plotted into house-lots in view of their ultimate sale. With prophetic foresight Mr. Barnard grasped from the outset its capabilities for a public garden as an addition to the Common,— not, indeed, a simple repetition and extension of the Common, with its grass and

shadowing elms, but, in the finer sense of the word, a garden, planted with the richest variety of flowering shrubs, its sward lit up with beds of gorgeous color, and embracing a conservatory for the cultivation of the tenderer exotics.

Now, to a prudent city government and to many leading members of a community highly enlightened in matters of real estate, a proposition like this was regarded in precisely the same dry light as the "breaking of the alabaster box of precious perfume" in the days of Scripture. "To what purpose is this waste?" Stretched out, as Boston then was, on a narrow peninsula, and before the days when the enormous growth of railway facilities revealed the feasibility of dumping the Brighton hills into the water and flats of the Back Bay, and thus of creating immense areas of new-made land, the bare idea of sacrificing the solid revenue to be derived from blocks of houses to the physical and æsthetic revenue accruing from breathing sweet air and smelling flowers seemed the wildest of vagaries. None the less, Mr. Barnard had the obstinacy of his own sublimely

impracticable convictions. Cut up into house-lots and covered with brick and mortar, that tract of land — already shining in his mind's eye in the vista of a glorified future — should not be, if there was any power in him to help it.

Indefatigably, therefore, did he now work the press, writing article after article in description of the public gardens of Europe, and quoting the testimonials of physicians, mayors, naturalists, and police commissioners to their value to the public health, morals, education, and opportunities for innocent recreation. Associating himself with the most widely traveled, or, by nature, beauty-craving of Boston's citizens, again and again was the city government memorialized on the subject.

More than all, Mr. Barnard finally proceeded to a practically aggressive step, namely, to the exercise, in a purely æsthetic spirit, of what was then — in the language of rough Western humor — characterized as "squatter sovereign right." Getting permission to have the tract surrounded by a plain wood fence, he at once went on to build a conservatory for the public sale of flowers, the first Boston

had ever known. In this conservatory he beheld the ideal "squatter sovereign," who was resolutely to plant himself right there, and hold on till he should have established in the taste and delight of the public so strong a proprietary charm that it would never suffer him to be ejected. His own father furnished the money for the conservatory, and was to get the ample pecuniary returns the son saw in the near millennium, out of the profits from the sale of flowers.

Of course there never were any profits, at least of exchangeable value on State Street. Pioneer conservatories, like pioneer missionaries, have to "do good and lend, hoping for nothing" except the "exceeding great reward" of so breathing abroad the fragrance of the grace of God that some day a grateful succeeding generation will repent as sincerely as the Scotch over poor Robbie Burns, that, before he actually died, they did not give him enough to keep alive on. In a few years, the Barnard conservatory died, too, of poetic asphyxia. But it rose again out of the hearts it had converted, and stands to-day, in the resurrection to a larger and

more bountiful life, in the midst of that charming bit of paradise in which it began its humble swamp existence. Many are the still surviving citizens of Boston, familiar with the history of the matter from the start to the finish, who insist that, more than to all others, Boston owes its beautiful Public Garden to the foresight, the indomitable persistence, and the personal audacity of Charles Francis Barnard. It was a case — like so many others illustrated by the same man — in which premature real estate had first to lose its life to find it again in ideal estate. In the full knowledge of all this was it that Thomas W. Parsons, the translator of Dante, wrote his tribute: —

"Rightly call it Barnard's Garden;
Without him it had not been;
He no statue needs, — a pardon
Hardly, — for he had no sin.
Of a handsome race, if homely,
His best beauty is within.

"Let him have no more memorial
Than the flowers he loves so well,
As full many a blooming oriel,
Many lilied windows tell;
Gentle Charles, thy sweet remembrance
Should be hyacinths, asphodel!"

XVII.

OLD CHAPEL BOYS.

THE story of the life and work of Charles Francis Barnard, as embodied in the pride and joy of his heart, the Warren Street Chapel, is now mainly told. All along it has seemed better to treat the subject, not in simple chronological order, but rather in the way of taking up project after project as each originated in its author's fertile brain and glowing heart, and then going on with it to its final outcome. Thus alone was it possible to confront with hard practical reality the ideal Jacob's dream, in which the enthusiastic youth saw in vision "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

Indeed, in an unbroken dream, — as certain practical minds that boast themselves the only wide awake would call it,

— did alike the ardent youth and toiling man of maturity ever live, a glorifying dream that cast on the homeliest realities the light that never was on land or sea. Of how many of the angels of God he saw ascending and descending on the shining ladder, would the average hard-headed observer have said, "Why, man, these are but so many knee-patched, penny-pitching wharf boys, or so many frowzy-headed, freckle-faced, Broad Street girls!" But see these boys and girls twenty years later, and read the letters of thanks that poured in on their dear old pastor from all quarters of America, yes, and from far off China and India, and one would feel forced to revise his criterion of inborn capacity for recognizing and entertaining angels unawares.

Take a specimen of these letters, written forty years later by a man who had achieved wealth and honorable position, and in whom the germ of the love of beauty his old pastor had been so eager to foster had developed into a passion that resulted in one of the rich art collections of New York; and see how vivid are the

memories of the dear old times in Warren Street. The letter — only one out of hundreds like in strain — was addressed to Samuel Weltch, Esq., of Jamaica Plain, Mass., once the teacher and afterwards the life-long friend of the writer: —

DEAR SAM, — I want always to continue to call you "Sam," as, in our younger days, I never knew you by any other name. Cousin Eber brightens our dinner-table every Tuesday evening, and we have many a good talk about old times, especially about the old chapel times. A few weeks since he mentioned that another anniversary was coming about. How quickly they get round now!

In writing, I really did want to go back to the beginning of the thing, away to the time when our good old parson, in those days the young, handsome, black-haired student, espied, in his walk up Warren Street one afternoon, Jim Black, myself, and two or three other little fellows sitting on the curb. He stopped and had a pleasant word with us. He then asked if we would like to join his Sunday-

school and chapel which he was just starting. It was forty years ago. And I remember how I ran home and told my mother that a *real Beacon Street man* had been talking to me (you know that you and I did not lay claim to much blue blood), and wanted me to join his Sunday-school. After much solicitation she consented, and I went to the chapel Sunday-school then held in Hollis Street Church, and when we arrived we all felt it was *our* church, *ours*, boys and girls that we were. There we heard sermons we could *understand*, and singing sweeter than any we have since heard, by Miss Anna Stone, the Emmons girls, the Faxon boys, Gus Dix, Gil Clark, and the others.

How vividly I recall the incidents of the morning of the laying of the corner-stone, — rather a chilly morning, you remember. My woolen pants were patched, but I thought I must make a good appearance on *that* occasion, so I drew over them a pair of white pants (a little out of season, perhaps, but the best I could do). So we watched the building from corner-stone to roof, until it was dedicated and opened.

I wanted to write you about the good people we met there, the best people of Boston, the Misses Everett, their brothers, the Williams family, Mrs. Gammage and her two devoted daughters, Miss Mendum, Miss Shattuck, the Misses Pratt, and that loveliest of them all (she never dreamed how lovely she was!), our dear old Aunt Judith Bazin, with her sisters.

I wish I had the ability to portray worthily all Aunt Judith's saintly virtues. And think of the cultivated and scholarly gentlemen we met in those days. I well remember whom I first met in the class alcoves of the upper room, Messrs. Jarvis, Bowditch, Dupee, Billings, Vose, Call, occasionally Dr. Flagg. And later the class formed by James M. Barnard, when we had many of us almost become men. No man ever gave more earnest work to a good cause than did he, and few have seen more gratifying results.

Of course I cannot forget a single one of the early boys who have since grown up to manhood. Some of them, you know, have arrived at honorable distinction; many have done well in a more humble

way; all, I think, have become good, honest citizens. And who ever heard, before the existence of the chapel, of those happy country excursions which are now so general, and of the elegant floral processions? What a feature they were on the Fourth of July! And the merry games we used to have in the chapel parlors! I dare say you don't forget them! Could you now go through the performance of the Grand Mufti?

I cannot close without expressing to you and your Siamese twin, Tom Vose, the great admiration I feel for your life-long and earnest participation in this good work of developing and elevating the "young idea." You two and Mr. Emmons made a self-sacrificing trio of philanthropists, whom many a boy and girl has called "blessed," as they loomed up into maturity. I question, my dear Sam, if any seed of Christianity was ever planted which has been more prolific of precious results than the Warren Street Chapel.

As ever yours,

One of the Old Chapel Boys,

JAMES F. DRUMMOND.

Kindred in spirit with the tone of this letter, as revealing the sentiment ever kept warm in the hearts of its pupils toward their dear old chapel and its presiding genius, an anecdote cited by Rev. William R. Alger, from the far-away gold-fever days of California, has a touching interest. "Far off into the setting sun, where the Californian gold mines lie, on the Fourth of July, behold two young men reclining upon the grass. One says, 'What do you think they are doing at the chapel now?' The other, not recognizing an old fellow pupil within these walls (in which I am addressing you now), but still perceiving the unmistakable reference, exclaims, 'What do you know about the chapel?' 'You come to my tent and see,' continues the first. Immediately obeying, he finds pinned up over the sleeping-blanket a picture of a portion of this room, given the other when he left by one of the teachers here. It was as fit and efficacious a stimulant, shrine, and guardian, I venture to say, as any one of those wooden images of the Virgin, or leaden saints, which the papal peasants or the serfs of the Greek Church carry with

them as amulets, or install in their houses as patron angels."

If, therefore, one were asked to sum up in a single phrase what was the greatest and most fruitful of all the object lessons set by Warren Street Chapel and its great-hearted founder, it would be "the lesson of faith in the Divine Hospitality." Truly, of all the mistakes made by narrow-minded philanthropists, the most fatal is the mistake that there is any class in the community, however poor or ignorant, who in after life will ever say grace rapturously over recollections of an early diet of moral bran or sawdust. If all the physical forces of nature — light, heat, electricity, gravitation, attraction, repulsion — are on hand in every drop of water, then surely all the divine forces are equally latent in every child of humanity. A clear perception of this was it that led Hon. Edward Everett, at the close of an eloquent address, to pay the tribute which follows to the method of education that makes appeal to the whole compass of human nature.

"And thus, my friends, we are brought

to the moral of my remarks, — the superiority of the Warren Street system, which aims to relieve suffering by raising the intellectual, moral, and religious character of the poor; not only for the sake of giving them, in this way, greater facilities toward earning a livelihood, but for the sake of imparting to them that self-respect which is the great safeguard against a life of dependence. This is the great benefit of all education, not the positive knowledge it bestows, however useful and convenient, but the elevation of mind and the sense of character derived from the possession of any kind of useful knowledge; from being placed in conscious communion with nature, with kindred mind, with the spiritual world, with God himself.

"On the other hand, the utterly ignorant person leads the existence of a brute beast, of a poisonous weed, of a dull clod. Napoleon said that he supposed there were persons buried in the gloomy depths of Paris who had never heard his name, or had no distinct idea who or what he was. I fear that there is many a poor creature roaming our streets who has no idea, I do

not say of the history or geography of the land in which he lives, but no idea of moral relations,— none of the duties of parent and child, of magistrate and citizen,— no idea of life, of time, of eternity, of Christ, or of God.

"Who does not feel that, so long as this is the case, true charity is not to feed the hungry, but to impart spiritual food to the starving soul? This, sir [pointing to Mr. Barnard], is the great object of your institution and your labors; an object compared with which the benevolence which begins and ends in almsgiving deserves not the name of charity."

XVIII.

THE INEVITABLE DAY.

At the time of the firing on Fort Sumter in 1861 and the outbreak of the civil war, Warren Street Chapel had been steadily doing its work for twenty-five years. Now, suddenly, a severe extra strain was brought to bear on Mr. Barnard himself and on the faithful band of men and women who year in, year out, had stood so stanchly by him. Those were the days of extemporized sanitary commissions, before as yet, through the patriotic genius of Dr. Henry W. Bellows and Frederick Law Olmstead, the great National Sanitary Commission had been organized. Night and day was the work carried on of forwarding to the front hospital necessities of every kind. The chapel, moreover, became and continued to be an active recruiting office, consecrating itself further to the work of corresponding with and faithfully looking

out for those it had sent into the army in the resolve to prove "a watchful, waiting, loving mother" to all who should return sick or wounded. Mr. Barnard himself was on fire, calling upon his flock from the pulpit and in the evening schools to enlist in the sacred cause.

The response to the fervor of these appeals was just what might have been expected of an institution conducted in such a spirit; so that, at the close of the war, the next annual report could announce with a pride fully justified: "Our humble chapel has put five hundred men, pupils and graduates, into the army of our Union. Its free, wide, and welcome embrace, in Sunday-school and service, of such throngs as the days that are gone favored us with, its broad sweep of equally large hosts in charity school, evening school, and the ministry at large, enabled it to do its recruiting to this proud degree. Long before the crisis came, even from the very outset, if we mistake not, certain patriotic fires have blazed upon our lowly altars, which warmed our lads and all their comrades to the cause of the country. It could

not be otherwise. We were wiser than we knew. And now our roll of honor is a long and goodly one indeed."

All here was exultation in Mr. Barnard's tone. How soon, alas! was another note to be struck. To well-nigh every human life, most especially in the experience of high-wrought and compassionating natures, there comes inevitably its tragic hour. At some one juncture the outward pressure proves too crushing and the inward spirit breaks. Then the soul knows its Gethsemane.

Signal faults of his own temperament, signal excesses of his own qualities, had Charles F. Barnard, as, indeed, have almost all men who achieve anything marked in the world. From the start, as has been clearly indicated farther back, there went along with his exuberant capacity of joy and radiant vision of a redeemed humanity, that drop of black blood in the veins which ever means reaction into deeps of gloom, or into a torture-house of ragged nervous misery.

Endowed with a vitality of constitution that enabled him to withstand the wear

and tear of work kept up for long periods under high pressure, none the less through overaction had he been steadily preparing for himself the severest physical and mental penalties. Of his own institution not merely founder but perpetual inspirer, the stamp of his own personality was set upon everything bound up with it. Its pecuniary affairs had involved him in constant anxieties, while his high-pitched ideal of what it should be as foster parent to all who had come under its influence had entailed an enormous correspondence with old pupils all over the country and in foreign lands. Moreover, by day and night for years had he been breathing a vitiated air necessitated by the close quarters to which, spite of enlargements from time to time of the building, he was doomed.

For several years before the outbreak of the Civil War, it was already becoming evident that Mr. Barnard was an overwrought man, but with the extra strain of excitement and work now suddenly precipitated, this became increasingly more clear. He had already sought retirement and change in the country, in West Newton,

and given up attendance on the night schools; and it was hoped that this relief would suffice to restore his health. It failed to do so.

Increasingly, even to Mr. Barnard's stanchest and tenderest friends, was it now evident that his mind had lost balance, and that his schemes were assuming shapes too visionary for practical success. Insane he was not, then or at a later period. But the emotional oscillation from extremes of exaltation to extremes of depression was assuming a perilous intensity.

Never, in his best days, had he had much idea of what business men call "the value of money," at any rate in their sense of the extreme difficulty of making it. Of the "value of money" as a means of relieving distress and organizing new schemes for elevating the neglected and ignorant, he entertained, indeed, the most exalted conceptions, finding great difficulty in so much as understanding why it should be prized for anything else. Now, however, it was plain that on this subject his practical judgment was becoming too much impaired to make him longer a safe admin-

istrator. The moment his heart was appealed to, he would act on the spot, regardless of consequences, thus running the institution into debt. Moreover, under the pressure of nervous restlessness, his power of continuity was greatly weakened, and he would pass without due reflection from one hastily devised scheme to another. When to all this is added the fact that the immense insistency of will, and the readiness to shoulder responsibility, which had been the very conditions of his success, now took the shape of autocratic pride and refusal to brook contradiction, it will be clear that here was but one more example of that "last infirmity of noble mind," an overwrought nature become the victim of the "excess of its own high qualities."

Mr. Barnard, however, could recognize nothing of this in himself. In the fever of exaltation, never did his mind seem to him so fertile in resources, never the future he meant to open up to his institution so radiant. But to his firmest friends and coworkers, the men and women who loyally and at such self-sacrifice had stood, year in, year out, at his side, it looked so differ-

ent. They loved and revered him. Not for the world would they cause him pain. Most willingly would they have given him a colleague, a younger man, who should bear the brunt of the work. But this was sheer impossibility. Not even in his earlier days — still less in his present state of mind — was he a man to work in double harness, where his own striding pace would have to accommodate itself to the time or reach of another's. Therefore reluctantly, and with great sadness, was the conclusion arrived at by the committee of the chapel that, for his own best good and for the future of the institution, his relation with it must be brought to an end.

The blow to Mr. Barnard was a terrible one, and for a time nearly bereft him of reason. He could see nothing in it but the cruelest ingratitude. The act tore him away from relations cemented in his heart's blood. By night and day for nearly thirty years he had no existence apart from the beloved chapel. He had rocked its cradle, watched over its growing youth, shared a glorious pride in its maturity. From foundation to capstone, it and all it stood for

had been his original idea. And now, when it had become the honor of Boston, the parent of like institutions in many cities of the land, the quickener of the public schools and of churches, the spot sought out for study by philanthropic travelers from Europe, the sacred hearthstone of grateful memories to thousands of its pupils scattered over the wide world, — now to be thus torn from it and set adrift on what seemed a homeless void, his "occupation gone," — this, to his distracted heart was nothing short of a death sentence. Painful would it be to dwell further on the subject. The step had to be taken. Years after, at Mr. Barnard's funeral service, the whole issue was summed up with perfect justice by Dr. James Freeman Clarke in a single sentence: "It was a sad thing that he had to leave the chapel, though I suppose it was unavoidable, and I do not think that he or any one else was to blame."

None the less, how often are the strictly unavoidable events of life, those for which nobody is to blame, the most tragic of all to poor humanity! The inexorable law is

there, but the reason does not grasp it; the loving kindness is there, but the tortured heart does not feel it. It is the pathetic story over again of so many household experiences, when the day comes in which sons and daughters who have revered, nay idolized, a parent, find themselves imperatively called on, through growing infirmity on the parent's part, to restrain the will before which heretofore they have bowed in devout obedience. Torture is it to them to take the stand, but to the parent it is the shock of moral revolution, the sacrilegious overthrow of the most sacred laws of God and man. No one is to blame; only, the father cannot be made to feel how the children's hearts are bleeding, while they have to bear his imprecation, —

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

XIX.

AN OUTING IN THE SOUTH.

At the time of the cessation, in 1864, of Mr. Barnard's connection with Warren Street Chapel, its lands and tenements were held in trust by Charles Barnard (the father) and John L. Emmons of Boston, merchants. From this date it was deemed expedient that "the voluntary association heretofore existing for the support of Warren Street Chapel should be organized as a corporation, for the more effectual prosecution of the objects and purposes of the said association." Accordingly this was done, and the lands and tenements were conveyed to the said new corporation as a new trustee. After an interval, Rev. William G. Babcock was appointed superintendent, remaining in charge till 1881, when he was succeeded by Rev. Eber R. Butler, an old chapel boy from near the start, steeped in its best traditions, and the most loyal of lovers of its founder.

It lies outside the province of this memoir to follow the later fortunes of the chapel. In strict justice, however, one point in relation to it is worthy of emphasis. Of too many an institution founded by the peculiar genius and sustained by the powerful will of a single innovating mind is it found to hold true that on his removal or death the whole fabric goes to pieces. Built up and kept alive by one-man power, that power taken away there remains nothing to fall back on. In contradiction of all this, ever had it been the signal merit of Mr. Barnard that he so inspired and trained a little army of co-workers as to leave them fully equipped to fight on in the good cause without his personal leadership, — a little army in which, indeed, such leadership in actual presence had passed on into spiritual leadership, — into identification with him, heart and soul, in the same humanitarian enthusiasm. Such men as Samuel Weltch, John L. Emmons, Josiah Thomas Vose, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, James Alexander Dupee, and others their peers, — men of large business capacity, sustain-

ing high trusts in the community, and yet one in their love and loyalty to the chapel, — these, together with the band of devoted women, now rallied with fresh resolve around the old flag. New features were from time to time added to the activities of the institution, as, with the progress in methods of industrial training, it seemed desirable to give any of them a fair trial or to set a new object lesson for the benefit of the community at large. As a single example here, at the expense of Mrs. Pauline Agassiz Shaw was introduced a large kindergarten, as well as classes for instruction in the Sloyd system of carpentry and wood-carving, — classes in which one hundred and fifty grammar and primary school teachers were trained under capable Swedish teachers of the system.

To leave this matter, however, and to return once more to the immediate subject of the memoir, it is pleasant to record that in 1865, the year following all the pain of the rupture of Mr. Barnard's ties with the chapel, a delightful outing was prepared for him through the devotion of his own family circle. One of his sons was officer

in a Union regiment then in Georgia, — a regiment, moreover, in which a number of the dear old chapel boys were enlisted, who would be sure to give their beloved pastor a royal reception. Moreover, those were the high carnival days of the emancipation of the slaves, the days in which, in their enthusiastic minds, all American history was translated into a new Book of Exodus, in which the Egyptian bondage, the Red Sea, Moses, and Miriam furnished halos of light and color for the transfiguration of the more realistic shapes of Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman. Happily, the scenes enacting furnished to so highly emotional a temperament as Mr. Barnard's just the reaction into love and joy needful for the healing of his wounded spirit. A few extracts from his letters to the "Boston Transcript" and the "Commonwealth" will make this clear: —

PORT ROYAL, ST. HELENA ISLAND,
February 13, 1865.

Yesterday was Sunday, and I should like to tell you how we passed it. No holier, happier day ever blessed me. This forenoon I rode to the church. It was a

plain, large building of brick, erected in 1855. White men used to hold forth here, under the master's eye, in slavery times, to whites and blacks, the former railed off from the latter in ways that must have looked strange to the Maker of them all. Around the house was a grand and beautiful grove of live-oaks, in their evergreen foliage and draped with silvery, sweeping moss. We went in. The officers of the church found seats for us in the crowded pews and aisles. But oh, what an assembly it was, so hushed, so rapt, so calm, so exalted! The minister, a venerable colored brother, was deaconing out a hymn. The whole congregation sang after him and with him, two lines at a time. But the singing was such as I had never known before. How can I describe it? You would have said there must be some great, wonderful organ or orchestra to produce those tones. No, it was merely God's *vox humana* stop. With it there mingled what seemed to be the song of birds, or, as our tears started, the sounds of beloved voices far away from us now on earth, far above us now in heaven.

Another account of a service in a negro church furnishes a humorous illustration of how hard it was in those days for African enthusiasm to confine itself to a Quaker régime of sacred silence: —

To the Editor of the "Commonwealth."

We heard of the surrender of Charleston, on the 19th of February, in a crowded colored church in Savannah. It was Sunday. The day and the scene we shall never forget. Our colored brother, the minister of the congregation, seeing several white folks among his hearers, apologized to them for the absence of preaching, as it was their *day of discipline*, and sermonizing must be laid aside. Alas for his scheme! He read the account in the Book of Joshua of the capture of Ai, and it was so pertinent to our times that, before he knew it, he preached a capital military sermon.

General Littlefield then arose and read an extra which had just reached him, beginning, "Charleston is ours!" We were in the pulpit, and could oversee the whole house. What a sight it was! Such smiles and tears, such signs of joy and devotion,

it was never ours to witness before. We then took our turn. Two colored chaplains followed. The last of them, brother to Thomas Simms of historic name, was to our mind the best preacher of us all. He closed his truly eloquent address by alluding to an earlier and prouder hour when his bones burned within him as he heard how an old, strange man — crazy fellow, as they called him — struck a blow, far up toward the North, which shook Virginia and every slave State. "Now," cried he, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, and we 'll go marching on!" The pent-up feelings of the whole assembly only needed such a vent as this, and swept forth at once in a full and hearty chorus. We left the church after a session of three hours and a series of five sermons, — pretty well for a *day of discipline.*

A final extract will show the rare privilege Mr. Barnard enjoyed in being permitted to enter the harbor of Charleston in the steamer Planter, under command, as captain, of the same colored man, Rob-

ert Small, who had with such splendid audacity sailed her out in 1862 under the guns of Fort Sumter, and handed her over to the Federal fleet.

"It was indeed a privilege to enter Charleston, as we did recently, through the courtesy of Major-General Saxton, in such a steamer as the Planter, and with such a captain as Robert Small. It was their first appearance in the harbor since the memorable morning of their departure in 1862. The fog detained us for a few hours when we arrived at the bar. When it cleared away, you can imagine with what cheers our anchor came up, and with what smiles of satisfaction the vessel and her commander swept by the silenced and dismantled Sumter, and hauled in to the waiting, wondering wharves of the ruined city. Whenever we went on shore, we had only to say to the colored people, 'The Planter and Captain Small are at the dock,' and away they all hurried to greet the well-known guests. 'Too sweet to think of,' cried one noble-looking old man, who had evidently waited long for the good news of the day."

On his return, in 1865, from the South, Mr. Barnard continued to reside in West Newton, Massachusetts. Nearly nineteen years were still before him till his death in 1884. They were years of alternation between seasons of joy and periods of dejection and darkness. In his perpetual love of nature, and in a return to his early habits of miscellaneous reading, he found great solace. Moreover, the warmth and variety of the greetings he constantly received from those he had befriended in the past were living proof to him that he had not lived in vain. But to a nature of such abounding vitality and prodigality of benevolent instinct, and after a life spent in such a whirl of philanthropic action, his enforced separation from the idol of his heart remained his "thorn in the flesh" that to the end would not "depart from him." Under uncontrollable restlessness, he more than once sought to resume his former work, taking charge for a time of a somewhat similar institution under the auspices of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts. But he was not successful there. No longer was he the same

man, neither had he the same devoted backing from a host of able and self-sacrificing co-workers. No, his life-work was done.

From time to time, as notably on his seventieth birthday, pleasant ovations came to him from his hosts of still-surviving friends. On this special occasion they flocked in troops to Warren Street Chapel, and there, in the midst of the trophies of his former success, welcomed him with loving hearts; the feeling of all present voicing itself in a memorial poem by Rev. Augustus M. Lord, now of Providence, Rhode Island: —

"Up from dark lanes and alleys,
Up from the noisy street,
Comes a murmur of thanksgiving,
As of voices young and sweet.

"And a crowd of joyful faces
Above him seem to bend,
As they whisper a benediction
O'er the children's loving friend, —

"He who so oft has rekindled
In the pallid cheek its bloom,
He who has let in the sunlight
To so many a darkened room;

"He who has stilled the throbbing
Of so many troubled hearts,
And wiped away the tear-drop
That to sorrow's eyelid starts;

"He who has spent his lifetime
For the good of his fellow-men,
Till the tides of time have measured
His threescore years and ten;

"Again the murmur rises,
And I join the crowd and pray,
'God love him, bless him, crown him,
On this his natal day.'"

XX.

CONCLUSION.

Some months before his death, at the age of seventy-six, Charles Francis Barnard voluntarily sought retreat in the McLean Asylum, Somerville. "He had been feeble for a long time, and although his mind was not affected, he desired to enter some refuge where he could have complete rest." There, November 8, 1884, he quietly passed away. The funeral services, held in the Unitarian Church in West Newton, were conducted by his classmate, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, and by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, each of whom paid touching tributes to his life and work.

At a later date, a memorial service was held in Warren Street Chapel, at which Dr. Henry I. Bowditch and other old associates recorded their grateful testimony to his signal services. Dr. Bowditch, emi-

nent alike as physician and philanthropist, spoke with touching feeling of his life-long relations with his early classmate. On his own return from Europe, upon the completion of his professional studies, he said he found himself out of touch with the then existing churches in Boston. None of them were congenial to him. The non-sectarian church he craved, he found at Warren Street Chapel, and at once proposed to Mr. Barnard to assist him in conducting it, provided, with his avowed beliefs, he could be free to teach a perfectly natural religion. To this his friend cordially consented, and they worked together in entire harmony till 1844. Then a temporary rupture, growing out of the anti-slavery agitation, took place between them. Dr. Bowditch insisted that the subject of slavery and of the relation of the United States to it should be made part of the instruction and exhortation given the children. Mr. Barnard absolutely opposed this, insisting that it was foreign to his peculiar work, and that he had already all the burden he could stagger under. None the less, Dr. Bowditch felt that not to take

this stand would involve the forfeiture of his sense of independence as a teacher, and make him subservient to the slaveholders' interest. And so, like Paul and Barnabas, the two fiery apostles parted asunder.

Later in life, however, they came cordially together again, and to the end Dr. Bowditch remained a faithful supporter of the chapel work. "Mr. Barnard," he said, "was a very obstinate man in carrying through what he had determined upon, and that was one of his merits. I would not," continued he, "give a farthing for anybody's service in a good cause who is not obstinate. Whatever mistakes he may have made were trivial in comparison with the great good he did in the community. He was the friend and helper of the poor. He visited and ministered to them. The distinctions of religious belief were naught to him in such matters. If there was an unbeliever in the neighborhood, his children were sure to be sought out and invited in. He was a good and true man, and his memory must be honored. The best way to do that is to perpetuate the work he began and so long continued in

the chapel, which, for myself, I hope, will hereafter be called the 'Barnard Chapel for Children.'"

Easy would it be to multiply to any extent the glowing tributes paid after his death to the character and services of the subject of this memoir. They would prove, however, but repetitions of one another. Better is it, then, to close with a single one, an extract from a memorial sermon preached by Dr. James Freeman Clarke from the text, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light:" —

"In speaking to you to-day of Charles F. Barnard and his work in Boston, I have taken this text as an appropriate motto; for Mr. Barnard seems to me to be a striking illustration of its truth. Singleness of purpose, a sincere conviction, the absence of side-ends and inferior motives, tend to superior insight. A double-minded man, on the contrary, is unstable in all his ways. Singleness of purpose is a great power. Thus one man fixes his whole mind on the condition of the prisoner; another on that of the slave, or of the blind, or the insane, or the poor, and so each becomes a leader

and an authority in his own special department of thought and work.

"The Warren Street Chapel was his pride and joy. It was his discovery. Into it he put the best part of his life, and, I am told, a large part of his means. It was a sad thing that he had to leave it, though I suppose it was unavoidable, and I do not think that he or any one else was to blame. But I wish to repeat here what I said at his funeral, that, sad as that separation was, it proved that his heart was not in his position but in his work; for he did not retire from his ministry, but continued it in another place and in a humbler way. Personal disappointment did not chill his enthusiasm. Whenever I saw him, to the end of his life, his heart was still in the cause to which he had given his youth, his manhood, and his age.

"'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.' He has gone to join the company of the modern saints. Our day has seen saints of a new order, canonized, not by the decree of a pope or the vote of a council, but by the love of the human heart. To the glorious company of apostles, the goodly

fellowship of prophets, and the noble army of martyrs, our period has added the generous friends of mankind. The early Christian ages saw the saints of rapt devotion and lonely piety, — those who went apart from men as anchorites and monks, to lead a life of prayer. Those ages saw the saints of self-denial and renunciation; those who renounced the joys of life, crucifying the flesh with its desires and affections. But our time has added the saints of philanthropy, who imitate their Master in going about doing good; who follow Him in teaching the blind to see, the lame to walk, and in soothing the demonized spirits of the insane, leaving them clothed and in their right mind. To this class our friend belongs; among them he has his place with Oberlin and Howard, with Horace Mann and Dr. Howe, with Florence Nightingale and the great brotherhood and sisterhood of charity. These are the saints of good works, followers of St. James, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and having for their motto the saying of Abou Ben Adhem: —

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men!"

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